NEXT WEEK "A GENTLEMAN ROBBER," BY T. C. HARBAUGH

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXI, NO. 9. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1903. Single Copies 5 Cents.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY Or THE VISION OF A GARDEN OF GHOSTS

By MARO O. ROLFE, Author of "A Wooden Indian's Widow," "A Son of Satan," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE ASSIGNMENT.

"I sent for you, Mr. Battle," said the Chief of Detectives to the young man under the silk "dicer," "because I want some man unquestionably brave and trustworthy, one on whom I can rely, to undertake a difficult, perhaps dangerous, mission."

"I hope I shall be able to fill the bill, Mr. Bibb." The young man spoke earnestly.

"I believe you will, Battle, I believe you will, but you will need all your nerve and all your cunning."

"All that I have of either I have with me always, ready for present use; you know that."

"Yes; I know that, Battle. You don't drink and you don't neglect your duty. Now, listen."

"I am all attention, Mr. Bibb."

"The case in hand is the Stell murder, which, as you know occurred thirty years ago."

"Then you haven't given up hope, sir? Mr. Bibb, I have read about that case and I have come to entertain a theory——"

"Never mind the theory now." Bibb smiled good-humoredly. "Start in on my theory, and if yours is right and mine is right they'll soon come together and go well in double harness, as it were."

"All right, sir," was Battle's deferential answer.

"I shall not go into detail concerning my theory," went on Bibb. "I am going to send you to a certain house and what you learn there will make my theory plain to you, that is if you're successful and my theory is right."

"And if I learn nothing, I shall be still in the dark concerning your way of explaining that famous murder."

The young detective laughed, so did Bibb.

"You probably think I mean to be on the safe side and back up a more or less indefinite theory with whatever developments may come," said the Chief. "I assure you that is not so, and I believe that what you will soon learn if you follow my instructions will convince you that considering the time that has elapsed since the crime was committed my conception of the case is pretty accurate and my grasp of it not at all uncertain. Now, for your instructions."

Young Battle waited eagerly.

"They are very simple," went on the Chief of Detectives.

Battle nodded.

"Much is left to you—much to events."

"I may not be able to shape events, but I will try to avoid making any mistakes, Mr. Bibb."

"I told you your mission would call for both nerve and cunning. I will now say that more nerve than cunning will be demanded. There is one good point you have that some of my best men do not possess—you never get rattled."

"No," said Battle. "I think I'm unusually cool-headed."

"You are," said Bibb, as if there were no doubt on that point. "Take this card."

"This is what I am reading," said Battle, "number 1002 South Boulevard Avenue."

"That's the place," said Bibb.

"And what about it?"

"That is where you're to go. You're to go into that house and stay as long as you can, and find out as much as you can, and then come back to me."

Battle looked at Bibb curiously.

"I am to stay as long as I can?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Without any limit as to time?"

"Yes."

"But I may be able to stay there till old age draws me down to death."

"Battle!" exclaimed Bibb, "on this point I will explain a little."

"Glad to have you do so."

"Well, I believe that beyond a certain point you will find it impossible to remain in that house."

"Am I to construe that as a dare, Mr. Bibb?" Battle's dare-devil spirit had been aroused. "Is that a dare?" he asked again.

"Far from it. I believe that after you are in that house there will come, soon or late, conditions that will make it physically impossible for you to remain there. You must bear that fact in mind and get all the information you can while you're there."

"So far as I know, some gang may be concealed there—some people who would fire me out," suggested Battle.

"I believe there is only one person in the house, a person who, physically, would be no match for you at all, Battle."

"Oh! Have you ever been in that house, Mr. Bibb?"

The Chief of Detectives laughed.

"I never have been. Otherwise it would not be necessary for me to send you."

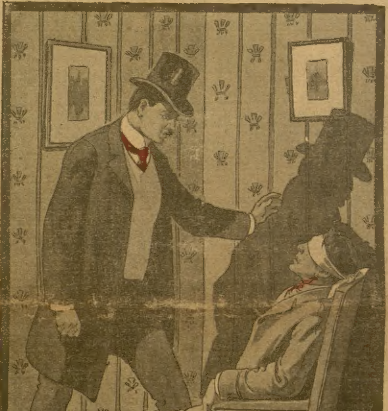
"I see."

"I am going. But is it ghosts?"

"Are you superstitious, Battle?"

"Not in the least."

"Go on."



Before him was the blindfolded dead man.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Battle wanted to obtain some information about the house at 1002 South Boulevard Avenue before attempting to enter it.

He stopped in a drug store on a corner only a few doors from the building and made some inquiries.

"Really," began the druggist, a sensible-appearing man of middle age, "I prefer not to talk about that house."

"But you're familiar with the neighborhood and you know about the house." Battle persisted.

"I am familiar with the neighborhood, but I know nothing about that house except its location and its external appearance."

"Never inside, eh?"

"Never."

"Who owns it?"

"I never looked into that. It is called Hexter House."

"Hexter House!"

Battle consulted the directory while the man of pills and plasters awaited the result of his investigation smilingly.

"You don't find it there," he said, noting Battle's look of disappointment. "I could have told you that you wouldn't, but it's best sometimes to let people dig up things for themselves."

"Is the occupant a man or a woman?" asked Battle.

"There you've got me. I don't know."

"Much obliged," said Battle, "I'll go and see. That's the only sure way."

"Do you think so?" asked the druggist, dryly, as he handed some postage stamps to a lady who had just come in.

"Yes. Then I won't have to trouble any one else for information, at any rate."

Piqued at what he considered the druggist's grouchiness, Battle bade him a curt farewell and soon stood on the sidewalk across the way from 1002 South Boulevard Avenue, eyeing the house searchingly.

There was very little about it that struck the young man as being peculiar. It was a brick and stone house, of conventional size and style, three stories high above the basement.

The windows were all curtained and had broad iron bars across them at intervals of three inches. The steps leading to the front door were steep and numerous.

Otherwise, so far as Battle could see, this house was much like its neighbors to the right and to the left of it.

"Lookin' it over, I see? Well, they're all curious about it."

The speaker was the policeman on the beat.

"Why, I never heard of it until today," said Battle, "and I didn't hear much about it at that. What's the mystery of it?"

The policeman shrugged his shoulders.

"Honest," he said, "I don't know; but I do know there's people round this part of the town that wouldn't go up them steps and ring that door-bell for a thousand dollars."

"But what do they imagine would happen to them if they should do that?" asked the young man, wonderingly.

"I've asked lots of 'em that, and none of 'em could answer. Everybody's afraid o' that house and I don't believe any one could tell why."

"Strange. Whose house is it?"

"It's known as Hexter House."

"So I hear. Who lives in it?"

The policeman shook his head.

"One or more?" pursued Battle.

"Some say one—some say more."

"Is the occupant the owner?"

"Can't say."

"Is the occupant a man or a woman?"

"That's the funny part of it. Some say a man, some say a woman."

"Did you ever ring the door-bell?"

"No," replied the policeman. "I never had occasion to do that."

"Did you ever see the door opened?"

"No."

"See it now. I'm going to climb the steps and pull the bell handle and see what happens," said Battle. "There's no law against that."

"No law, of course, but I wouldn't do it unless I had some business there."

"Maybe I have."

Battle ran across the street and almost stumbled up the front steps of the house.

He looked back over his shoulder and saw that the policeman was watching him as if surprised at his audacity.

Then he pulled the old-fashioned knob that was supposed to be attached to the bell wire.

A deep, gong-like sound rang in his ears with long reverberations, a sound that must have come from just within the door.

Presently the door was opened, and beyond it he saw a hall narrow and dark that seemed to stretch away before him almost interminably.

In the distance he saw dimly defined figures of men and women walking to and fro slowly, as if engaged in earnest conversation.

A woman in mourning glided in front of him, a middle-aged woman, who appeared to be weeping, and who, speaking not, signalled him to enter.

CHAPTER III.

WILL THE SILENCE BE BROKEN?

Battle heard the street door of Hexter House closed and locked behind him.

"Well," he thought, "I'm in here, whether I ever get out or not."

The woman preceded him down the hall, and he thought she intended to take him to the people whom he had seen promenading at the rear of the passage.

She conducted him past them and into a small rear room.

Battle thought the two men and two women whom he passed evinced little curiosity concerning him.

Neither of them looked up.

As he approached, one of the women, a flaxen-haired young thing, shrunk close to her companion, and the man threw an arm protectingly about her.

The other woman appeared to be weeping. Her face was turned from Battle, but her plentiful dark hair told that she was not blonde. Seemingly, the man who walked with her tried to comfort her.

He was a tall, dark man, of somewhat sinister visage, and Battle thought he threw a scowling glance at the slighter and younger man who was with the flaxen-haired girl.

This he noticed, and then he had passed beyond the quartette and had come face to face with a beautiful old woman who sat in a big, leather-covered chair close to a window which was so thickly curtained that the only light in the little apartment came in out of the gloomy hall.

However, such light as there was fell directly on the old lady's pale, pretty face and silvered hair, and revealed her old-fashioned dress and cap and her thin, white hands lying on her lap, one of them grasping an ear trumpet.

As the servant, if such she was, ushered Battle into the little room it seemed to him that the old lady was looking not at tim but through him, for though her gaze was evidently fixed upon him there was nothing in her action or expression to indicate that she saw him.

Battle's conductor waved him to a seat, and the chair into which he sank was directly in front of that occupied by the old lady, and not two yards distant from it.

Having so done, not having looked at Battle, or spoken a word to him, she left the room and Battle heard her walking back along the hall toward the front of the house.

"Good morning," the young man said, looking straight at the nice-appearing old lady.

She did not reply, nor did any alteration in the expression of her face advise him that she had heard him.

"Oh," he thought, looking sympathetically in the direction of the ear trumpet, "the poor lady is deaf. She does not mean to be impolite."

As he thus justified her silence, she sank back in her chair, and, turning her face to one side, pillowed her head on the back of her chair and appeared to fall asleep.

During the next ten minutes she did not move a muscle, though the bosom of her fine silken dress rose and fell, in unison with her breathing.

"Not the most sociable people here," thought Battle, "but perhaps when grandmother has had her nap she will deign to notice me."

He thought it was strange that he did not hear the voices of the two couples in the back part of the hall, not more than ten to sixteen feet from the open door near which he sat, but just outside his visual range.

An oppressive silence seemed to brood over Hexter House. If only those lovers out there—he believed they were lovers—would quarrel! If only the sleeping old lady would cough or snore.

He looked at the figure before him, motionless as to its chest, and thought the dead could not be more silent.

"My God!" he murmured, "I cannot hear the faintest sound of her breath. I am growing nervous. I hope all that Bibb wants will come out of this, for it is disagreeable enough, Heaven knows. Bibb said I would need all my nerve here. Really, it bids fair to be worse than solitary confinement."

He hitched his chair along a bit, so that he could back out into the hall.

The two couples were there yet.

The girl with the flaxen hair was standing with her face buried on her companion's bosom and the man was holding her with both his arms about her, evidently whispering comfort or encouragement in her ear.

The tall, dark man was holding the black-haired woman at arms' length and scowling in her face and over her shoulder at the other man, who evidently saw him not.

The dark-haired woman was still weeping.

Battle could see her face now, and it was duskily beautiful, with big, long-fringed black eyes, about which her hair clustered coquettishly.

He coughed. Somehow it did not seem right to him that he should be there coolly observing them when, as it was evident, they were in the throes of some common grief or trouble.

The faces of the men were sad beyond description and that of the tall, dark one was angry as well. The more Battle studied the two the more convinced was he that the larger and darker man hated the smaller and lighter man, and that the latter knew it not.

The flaxen-haired woman turned her face in Battle's direction, and he saw that, in its way, it was as beautiful as that of the other woman, and that as he had divined at first, she was the younger of the two.

She seemed to be looking straight at Battle, yet there was no glint in her eye, no rising color in her cheek that told that she saw him.

He moved his chair back to its former position, and, for the time being, saw them no more.

But the old lady was moving. Had he awakened her? Would she now speak to him?

He leaned toward her, smiling respectfully.

CHAPTER IV.

A MULTIPLICATION OF MYSTERIES.

Again the old lady appeared to look through Battle, but she did not speak or evince the slightest interest in his presence.

"Good morning," he said to her, now for the second time.

She did not reply, and to himself he again explained her failure to do so by her deafness, which, likely, had prevented her hearing his salutation.

He leaned forward and touched her ear trumpet with the tips of his fingers and at the instant he did so a twinge of pain ran up his arm, and he cried out with surprise and alarm. The pain did not abate, and when he would have removed his fingers from the ear trumpet he found it impossible to do so. They were held by some mysteries force—a force which he believed was paralyzing his hand and wrist, and which he feared would render his arm useless.

Again he attempted to free himself, but was unsuccessful. He thought it strange that the uncanny old woman did not notice his dilemma and do something to relieve him.

She might have been looking at him or at something a mile behind him—he could not have told which by the expression of her face.

Presently, when he was about to raise his voice in a loud cry for help, she turned her face away and apparently forgot that he was there, if, indeed, she had known of it.

At the instant when her face passed beyond his view and the side and back of her head were turned toward him, he felt the pain in his arm abating somewhat and found it possible to remove the tips of his fingers from contact with the ear trumpet.

He shook his arm nervously, and beat his bosom with his benumbed hand.

Evidently nothing was to be learned from this queer, silent old lady. He resolved to go out into the hall and boldly engage one or more of the two men and two women there in conversation.

"Wonders and miracles!" he exclaimed. "I am fastened to the chair! But how?"

No straps, ropes, cords, clamps, hooks, bars or chains held him. But he could not get on his feet. Struggle as he might, he could not shake off that mysterious force that held him helpless.

In his efforts to free himself, he hitched the chair back to its former place, from which, it will be remembered, he had moved it slightly some time before, in order to watch the two couples in the hall.

Its four feet, if such the extremities of its legs may be called, seemed to drop into spaces which they had long occupied, but there were no depressions in the floor and there was no perceptible jar.

As Battle realized this, he was startled at the sight of the silent old lady standing up suddenly and advancing toward him.

In some excitement, he sprang to his feet and stepped back to the wall, for he was now free to move his limbs as he would.

The old woman came close to him, and he bowed politely and stepped aside. Without in any manner recognizing him, she suddenly turned on her heel, with a movement that was distinctly military, and marched back, clear to the opposite side of the little room.

There she wheeled and again came toward him. It was evident to him that she intended to take a few turns up and down, perhaps for exercise. It was also evident that he was in the way, for he was likely to have to dodge her every time she should come to his side of the room.

He now started for the door leading to the hall, and as he approached it he saw the two couples outside very much as he had seen them first.

As his foot touched the threshold, the door slammed shut striking him violently on the forehead, and causing him to stagger backward into the small apartment which he was trying to leave.

He was in utter darkness.

"Stand perfectly still, madam," he yelled to the deaf old lady, "and I'll open the door, and soon we'll have some light here again. But I shall have to be careful or perhaps it will knock my brains out."

He found the door, and as he grasped the knob it seemed to him that all feeling departed from his arm, leaving it numb—almost dead. Then he kicked the door and it swung open so easily that he was certain it could not have been locked, bolted, or otherwise fastened.

As the knob slipped from his grasp, he felt a tingling sensation in his arm and in a moment the blood seemed rushing through it, up and down and back and forth, as if to make up for lost time.

"God!" he cried, "where are they?"

The two couples in the hall were gone. He craned his neck through the open door and looked up and down the hall. They were nowhere to be seen.

Turning round, he uttered another exclamation of surprise and wonderment.

The old lady was no longer in the room in which he stood. Her chair was vacant. She was gone—cap, ear trumpet—all!

"There's but one door," he whispered, "and she did not pass through that! I begin to doubt my own sanity!"

CHAPTER V.

DARKNESS AND SUSPENSE.

"I guess I'm going daft!" Battle said, "and—I guess I'm not likely to go anywhere else. Now I'm in an interesting fix."

The door opening upon the hall from the little room in which he was had been closed and he had heard a key turned in its lock. He was a prisoner.

He could not see his hand before him—it was so dark.

He did not want another experience just then with that paralyzing door-knob, and he refrained from touching it.

Instead of seeking escape that way, he turned to the window, and pulled aside the curtains that covered it. Under the curtains he found an iron shutter, which apparently was immovable.

"Trapped!" he muttered, "cunningly trapped! Trapped like a rat in a hole!"

In his vest pocket he kept a little match-box and in that he believed were a few matches. Yes; there were some—not many. He counted thirteen.

Replacing twelve of the matches in the box, he ignited the other by scratching the iron inner-shutter with it.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "That's a good one!"

The little room was brilliantly illuminated—a hundred times more brilliantly than the young detective had ever seen any room lighted by the blaze of a single match.

He held the match close to the shutter and looked for fastenings, and saw three heavy iron padlocks, evidently too strong to be forced without tools, and now he noticed that the iron shutter was painted blue.

As this fact came home to him the match began to burn his thumb and finger, and he dropped it down by his feet and saw it flicker out.

Then he shot out an exclamation of unbounded surprise.

The burning out of the match had not lessened the volume of light in the room, which, as was now evident, had come from another source.

Battle looked round him in bewilderment. The source of the light was not visible to him. It was inexplicable.

He now knew that the room was lighted as gorgeously as if by sunlight, with a golden glow that was like that of an autumnal noonday.

In a moment this light faded to a subdued silvery sheen, like moonlight.

Then it grew fainter, dimmer, and took on the gray of the dawn, and then the dun of the evening, and then it faded away slowly, leaving him again in total darkness.

As soon as he could recover somewhat from his surprise, he went to the door and kicked it, for he did not want to touch the knob; and getting no response, he kicked it again.

Many times he sounded a clattering summons that must have echoed through Hexter House, but no one come to let him out. He knew that the blonde beauty and the brunette beauty and the dark man and the man the dark man hated had left the hall, and where the woman in mourning who had let him in was, he could not guess.

He groped back to his chair and sat down and wondered and tried to plan, but how futile any planning of his was likely to be against such a combination of circumstances, environments and mysteries!

Presently he became aware of a presence in the room. He could see no one. He had heard no one enter. He could not even surmise how any one might have entered.

But some one besides himself was there.

He listened and heard low breathing. It is difficult to locate sound and he knew it, but it seemed to him that the sound came from where the deaf old lady had sat, and he wondered if she had returned.

"Who is there?" he asked.

There came no answer. He repeated the question, and though he could still hear the breathing, he heard no word spoken.

"Yes," he thought, "it is surely the old lady. She is deaf and has not heard me. She is unsocial, but she is not at all to be feared. She will not trouble me. Why should I trouble her? My bawling is useless, and it might irritate my throat."

He sat quite still and listened, and at length he heard footsteps on the floor—footsteps seemingly of some sly and crafty person who crept rather than walked.

"Those are not the footsteps of that old lady," he thought. "She shuffles, and this persons creeps, creeps!"

Nearer and nearer came the regular and under the circumstances alarming sounds.

"What if some assassin should be gliding stealthily upon me in the darkness?"

At first he thought of getting on his feet and putting himself in readiness to repel any attack that might be made upon him.

Then he reasoned that the assassin, if assassin he was, could not be aware of his exact location and was no more likely to find him in the chair than out of it.

He would sit still.

The breathing grew louder, but it seemed to Battle that it proceeded from the same corner of the little room where he believed it had emanated since he had first heard it. The footsteps were creeping about.

"There are two persons besides myself in this room," he declared, under his breath. "Perhaps neither of them knows I am here. To light a match might be to place myself in danger. I will sit still and wait."

He continued to hear the breathing and the creeping footfalls. Then he heard shuffling footfalls and was sure that the breathing went with them. The other person was moving.

He heard some one close beside him and then a hand touched his face—a cold, clammy and elusive hand that sent a chilly shudder all through him.

CHAPTER VI

A STARTLING EXPLOSION.

Battle slipped from the chair and lay at full length on the floor against the wall.

He heard sounds that told him that some one had taken his place in the chair.

"Ah!" he thought, "the hand that touched my face was not that of the pursuer, but that of the pursued. From her former seat the old lady somehow realized the danger that was creeping upon her and in fancied self-protection she shuffled to the other chair. But the one who creeps, creeps, will find her there!"

In a moment, he heard such low, terrible noises as he believed he would hear were he in the very presence of a weak person and an athletic person while the former's respirations were being forcibly stifled by the latter.

He could not repress a shudder.

Soon he heard the creeping footsteps again, now going toward the far side of the little room.

There was a faint clicking sound, a slight jarring sensation, and then silence reigned in the place, a silence that was broken only by Battle's quick, hard breathing.

There came to him no sounds of shuffling footsteps, no sounds of the breathing of the person who he believed to have been that of the old lady who had sat in the corner.

He sat up and listened, but heard not the slightest sound anywhere in Hexter House.

He scrambled to his feet and found a match and lighted it, but not without many trials; it seemed to him to have been wet.

This time only a dim and fitful glare fell upon objects about him.

In the chair where he had sat was the figure of the fairer, younger and smaller of the two men whom he had seen in the hall, its face distorted by the agonies of a sudden and frightful death, its clothing bespattered with blood that had flowed from an awful wound in its throat.

Its eyes were thickly blindfolded!

He saw that, then wheeled about and looked for the murderer.

With a shaking hand, he held the burning match up so that its flickering and uncertain light faintly illuminated one part of the room after another.

Besides himself, the assassin's ghastly victim was the only visible occupant of the room.

Only long enough for him to learn that much did the match burn. It went out suddenly and left to Battle the additional terror of darkness.

He found the chair where the old lady had sat and threw himself in it, thinking of nothing except the frightening occupant of the other chair—that terrible thing of death of and of blood that was clotted and clotting that had been left there by the creeping murderer who had so quickly and so mysteriously escaped from the room.

For a time he sat without plan or purpose. Then the necessity for action became apparent to him. He must escape.

"God in Heaven!" he whisjered. "What if I should be discovered here with this blindfolded man? Would not my presence here create a strong presumption that I have been guilty of this murder? Escape I must, but how—but how?"

It was a question that it was easier to ask than to answer.

Battle arose and went to the door of the room and kicked on it many times hard enough to batter down any ordinary door.

But it did not yield and no one came to open it.

"What shall I do?"

He remembered the window with its iron shutter and big iron padlocks and saw no hope of escape by that means.

But no chance must be overlooked.

He again pulled the curtain away from before the blue-painted iron inner-shutter, and there were the three massive iron padlocks, to which he had no key and which he knew he could not break without an ax or a sledge-hammer or a mallet and cold-chisel.

He felt the shutter and the locks, and as he did so there came over him an almost overwhelming sense of his utter helplessness in that strong place where murder lurked and death and darkness reigned.

He could scarcely hope for that bright and changeful light again. He had no idea how it had been produced. But might there not be a candle or a gas-jet in the room.

"I will see. My matches are precious, but surely I may burn one in such a good and necessary quest. I will burn one of them and after that I shall have ten left."

He tried to ignite the match on the pocket matchsafe from which he had taken it, but it would not light. He fared no better when he tried to ignite it on the sole of his shoe and on his trousers.

There was the iron shutter.

Once it served me well for this purpose. Why not avail myself of it again?"

He put the end of the match against the shutter and gave it a quick, impatient movement. There was a sharp, cracking report of the chemicals on the end of the match. Then the little room was lighted as mysteriously and as brilliantly as it had been before.

Battle turned and right before him was the body of the blindfolded dead man.

But he had no time then to examine it.

He looked around the place and saw something that gave him hope.

"A gas-jet!"

Battle opened the valve and touched the tip with the burning match.

There was no gas. The light in the room intensified, then went out. Battle was in total darkness.

This mysterious story will be concluded in next week's Ledger. Our patterns and cameras are still being given free to all subscribers as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

What Postum Did There.

A well-known figure at the National Capital is that of an attorney-at-law and solicitor of patents, who has been practicing before the courts and the Department of the Interior at Washington for more than 25 years. The experience of this gentleman with coffee is unusually interesting for it proves that although the ill results from coffee are slow they are sure. He says,—"I have consumed coffee at my meals for many years, but of late years have been annoyed by deranged stomach and sleeplessness, pains in my head, nervousness and confusion of the mind. About 18 months ago I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum Food Coffee and have experienced the most pleasing and beneficial results therefrom.

It has aided my digestion, increased my appetite for healthy food, appeased my stomach, invigorated my brain, cleared and quieted nerves and mind, and enabled me to sleep soundly 8 hours out of the 24. It has imparted buoyancy and cheerfulness to my daily life and caused me to look on the bright side of things in general. It has fitted me to do more brain work than ever before, and I would consider it a calamity to be deprived of its use.

"I look on Postum as an absolute cure for the ills that coffee causes. It not only cures the ravages of coffee but stimulates to vigor and healthy action the brain and all the organs of the human body. It has with me and with many of my friends and this is my authority for the statement." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. An elegant dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and glossy, and preventing splitting at the ends. A high-class preparation in every way.

Sold by druggists for 50 years. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

BY HARRIET E. SUTHERLAND.

Edward Derwent had been married only three weeks when a cloud came over his sky. His bride was so beautiful and possessed so many attractions, that he could not see how it was possible for any one to look at her without, at the same time, falling in love. If, therefore, any person belonging to the masculine gender was observed to gaze with apparent earnestness at his Theresa, Derwent instantly became uncomfortable, and his imagination, excited by his feelings, pictured events of a most distressing nature.

"I'm a fool!" he would say to himself, in moments when he was less under the influence of his peculiar temperament; and yet, though conscious of his folly, he continued none the less a fool. It only required a good-looking young man to sit by the side of Theresa, or to fix his eyes earnestly upon her, in order to arouse from its temporary repose the green-eyed monster within him.

A part of the honeymoon was spent at a summer retreat, a few miles from the city, where a pleasant company of about a dozen were enjoying the luxury of cool, fresh air, and all the choicest fruits of the season. Among those present was a young man of fine person, good address, and well-cultivated mind, who was a favorite with all. His name was Edmonds. As soon as the young bride arrived she was received with marked attention by all; for, with those who knew her, she was already a cherished companion; and those to whom she was introduced, soon perceived in her qualities to admire or love.

From the day of her arrival, much to the disquietude of Derwent, Edmonds was particular in his attentions; and it not infrequently happened that the jealous young husband came upon this young man and his wife, when sitting alone in the parlor, under the portico, or in some one of the pleasant arbors or summer houses that were scattered over the lawns and gardens. On such occasions, it was plain to him that Edmonds looked confused; and he was much mistaken if the bloom on the beautiful cheeks of his wife did not taken on a deeper hue.

At first Derwent tried to think this all baseless fancy; but his jealous heart gave the thought an emphatic contradiction. How was it possible for any one to look upon Theresa and not love her? And was she proof against all the appeals of a fervid admiration? The more he saw, felt, and thought, the more uneasy did the young man become; and the more certain was he that Edmonds entertained the purpose of winning from him the love of his wife.

Thus matters stood on the fourth day after Derwent's arrival in the country; when an incident occurred that painfully corroborated, in his mind, all his fears. He was sitting at a window of the room they occupied, thinking of the dangers that surrounded his bride, and meditating a speedy return to the city in order to escape them, when he observed Theresa walking along just below him, in a thoughtful mood. Ere she had passed from his sight, a servant stepped up and handed her a letter. She looked eagerly at the address, and, as she did so, a flush suffused her face—then, hiding the letter in her bosom, she disappeared around an angle of the house.

Crossing the room with a fluttering heart, Derwent passed quickly to another window, near which he rightly conjectured Theresa would go to read her letter. In a few moments he saw her glide forth from a mass of shrubbery, and sit down on a rustic seat beneath some old oak trees that had known the sunshine and storms for many years. Here she drew the letter from her bosom, and, while he was gazing down upon her, became absorbed in its contents. Evidently, from her manner while reading, the letter produced a vivid impression on her mind; but, as her face was turned so far away that her husband could only see a small portion of it, he was unable to determine the character of her emotions. But he did not in the least doubt that the communication was from the fascinating Edmonds.

Maddened by this conclusion, Derwent could with difficulty restrain himself from going to the young man, and charging upon him the crime of attempting to destroy his happiness. A little reflection taught him the folly of this; and he concluded that it would be more prudent to wait for a time to see the development of things. It might be that the letter which Theresa had received was not from Edmonds; and that, as soon as he saw her, she would show it to him. In this latter conclusion, however, he was doomed to be mistaken. Hoping that she would come up to their room, he remained there for an hour in momentary expectation of seeing her enter; but he waited in vain. Unable to bear the suspense any longer, Derwent descended to the parlor—no one was there. He passed out into the portico; but saw nothing of Theresa.

"Have you seen Mrs. Derwent?" he inquired of a lady.

"Yes," replied the lady. "I saw her walking toward the garden, some ten minutes ago, with Mr. Edmonds."

"With Edmonds!" he exclaimed, completely thrown off his guard.

The lady looked curiously after him as he strode off, hastily, toward the garden. On opening the gate, he saw Theresa and the young man moving slowly down one of the walks, engaged in earnest conversation. They did not observe his approach. Twice, before he reached them, Edmonds stooped to pluck a flower, which was presented to the lady, who manifested pleasure in receiving it. Before he was near enough to hear the sound of their voices—for they conversed in a soft tone—his foot rustled among the dry leaves of a fallen branch, and warned them of his presence.

"What's the matter, Edward? Are you unwell?" asked Theresa, with much concern, the moment she looked into her husband's face.

"I don't feel very well," replied Derwent, evasively.

"You look far from well," said Edmonds, with apparent sympathy.

"Why, Edward, you are pale, and your lips tremble as you speak. What has happened?" The young bride seemed frightened.

"Nothing, nothing," returned Derwent, who felt his position to be an awkward one, was, strange to say, more anxious to conceal his suspicions than he had been, a few moments before, to let them be seen.

Theresa drew her arm within his, and said, "Come! You must go back to the house, and lie down. You are ill."

As Theresa thus spoke, Edmonds bowed rather formally, and turned down one of the garden walks, leaving the husband and wife alone.

"What is the matter, Edward?" asked Theresa, anxiously, as soon as they were by themselves.

"Nothing particular—only—I feel well enough now," awkwardly stammered the young husband.

"You don't look well," replied Theresa, her eyes fixed earnestly upon her husband's face while she spoke. "What is the matter? Do tell me, Edward." There was so much of real tenderness in the young wife's voice that Edward's heart smote him for the suspicion that he had permitted to enter his mind.

"I haven't felt particularly well for a day or two," said the jealous spouse.

"You didn't mention this before," said his wife.

"No; for it would only have disturbed your feelings; but I'm better now." And the returning color to his face, and light to his eyes attested the truth.

In silence the young couple returned to the house, and went up to their room. Theresa had proposed a walk, as likely to refresh her husband; but his mind was on the letter, and he could not rest until he was alone with her, in order that she might have an opportunity to show it to him; so he objected to the walk and said he thought he would lie down for half an hour.

But though they remained alone during the rest of the afternoon, not a word did Theresa say about the letter she had received; and this reawakened all Edward's most distressing doubts.

At tea time Edmonds took his usual place beside Theresa and kept her in animated conversation, while her husband sat silent and moody, forcing himself, for mere appearance sake, to swallow the tasteless food he put into his mouth. He complained, on rising from the table, of continued indisposition, and went back to his room, accompanied, of course, by his wife. After a while, the headache, with which he had been affected, according to his own statement, passed off, and he entered into a conversation with Theresa, in which he endeavored to lead her to think of that particular time in the day when she received the letter. He even spoke of the seat under the old oak trees; but not word was said by Theresa on the subject that was uppermost in her mind.

"Why should she conceal from me the fact of her having received a letter?" Derwent asked himself over and over again; but no answer came to the question, and the doubts awakened grew more and more troubled.

For half the night that followed the jealous husband lay awake, while Theresa slept calmly by his side. At length—it was long after midnight—he resolved to end this state of suspense.

The moon was shining brilliantly, and pouring into the room a flood of light, making all objects distinctly visible, and rendering the aid of a lamp, in the search he contemplated, altogether unnecessary. Quietly slipping form the bed, Edward went to the chair over which Theresa had thrown her dress on retiring for the night, and searched in the bosom for the letter. But it was not there. He then lifted the garment in his hand, and shook it carefully; but the object he sought so anxiously did not fall upon the floor.

Might there not be a pocket in the dress? Yes; that was altogether probable; and there, no doubt, would be found the missive that was to remove his fears or blight his happiness for ever. Such was the conclusion of the young man's mind.

For the pocket he now commenced an eager search; but any one who has been commissioned by his wife to go to her wardrobe and bring her something from the pocket of a dress—of course, no man would think of inspecting his wife's pockets unless specially commissioned to do so—can form a pretty clear idea of the difficult task Derwent had upon his hands. He pulled open the folds of the skirt round and round the whole garment, but no pocket-opening could he find. While thus engaged, he felt something hard, and his ear caught, at the same time, the rattling sound made by paper when crumbled in the hand.

An electric thrill passed through the young man's frame. Here was the letter.

More hurriedly, and with a nervous trembling, he sought an entrance to the place where the little messenger of good or ill reposed. But, in his eagerness, he failed each time he revolved the dress in his hand, to light upon the particular fold that concealed the opening.

Impatiently he thrust his arm through the dress, and at a single sweep turned it entirely inside out, making unconsciously to himself, as he did so, a loud, rustling noise. The pocket was easily found within; but the entrance thereto was as far as ever from being discovered; and two or three minutes more elapsed in a vain search, when, desperately grasping the pocket with one hand, he carried the other along on the outside until, at the corresponding part of the garment, after a few ineffectual trials, he found the long-hidden opening.

A moment more and the letter was in his hand. Eagerly he tore it open, and was endeavoring by the moonlight to obtain a knowledge of its contents, when a movement in the bed caused him to glance around. Theresa had risen from her pillow, and was bending forward and staring at him, her face looking agitated and pale in the dim moonlight. Before he could speak she uttered a wild scream and fell forward upon the bed.

Here was, indeed, a dilemma—and, more than all this, a confirmation of Derwent's worst fears. His indiscreet haste in searching for the letter had betrayed him into making noise enough to awaken his sleeping wife; who, seeing that he had obtained possession of her secret of unfaithfulness, was frightened, as well she might be, into a swoon. This was the natural inference of the husband's mind.

Scarcely had the echoes of Theresa's thrilling scream died along the passages, ere sundry movements above and around were heard; and, by the time Edward Derwent had drawn on his trousers, a hand was on his door and a frightened voice called out to know what was the matter. Edward, already aware that his wife had fainted, opened the door, after having hidden the letter in his own pocket, and admitted the hostess, who had been first to arrive at the scene of alarm. To her inquiries as to the cause of Theresa's scream and her fainting condition, Edward could give only confused and unsatisfactory answers. Other members of the family soon after appearing, active efforts were made to restore the swooning bride, who, in about an hour, was so far recovered as to open her eyes, answer a few questions, carefully concealing the cause of her fright.

Day had begun to dawn ere Theresa was so far recovered as to be thought in a condition by the family to be left alone. Then Derwent, who had remained alone nearly the whole time that efforts were made for her restoration, walking the floor uneasily, asked a lady who had come in if she would not remain with his wife for half an hour. Escaping from the room, he hurried into the open air, and, as soon as he had reached a place where no eye could be upon him, he drew from his pocket the letter he had obtained. Opening it once more, he devoured, so to speak, almost at a single glance, its contents, which were as follows:

"Dear Madam: I regret extremely to have to inform you that your new pearl-colored silk, which you sent me to be altered, has been totally ruined through the carelessness of one of my girls who overturned a lamp. No help remains but for me to make you a new one; which I will do as soon as you return to the city and give me an opportunity to fit you. I feel greatly mortified about it; but it is one of those accidents against which we cannot guard. Hoping that you will not be inconvenienced by this mishap, I am, very respectfully, yours, Mary Mode."

If the green-eyed monster did not die under that blow, he expired half an hour afterward, when Theresa, with her arm around her husband's neck, told him of the frightful apparition she had seen in the night; and, then, trembling from the recollection of the scene, shrunk still closer to his side, and laid her head upon his bosom.

If ever a man was heartily ashamed of himself that man was Edward Derwent. Months were permitted to go by ere he ventured to disabuse thoroughly the mind of his wife in regard to the apparition she had seen, and then he concealed so much of the truth that she never more than half suspected the weakness which had nearly betrayed him into wounding a heart that loved him intensely, by the avowal of his suspicion.

In Close Quarters.

Many and varied were the experiences which befell the heroes of Indian warfare. Jack Stilwell and "Pete" Trudeau, two border scouts, had a peculiar adventure one day in northern Kansas when on the way to summon help to the little fort on the Arikaree River, which was besieged by the Indians.

The two scouts had made their way under cover of the darkness until they thought they were safe from pursuit. Then they plunged boldly forward.

They were crossing a level plain when they descried several Indians on horseback. Hoping that they had not been seen by the savages, the white men dropped to the ground, and seeing the skeleton of a buffalo not far distant, they quickly got behind it and concealed themselves in some weeds which grew rank and high about it. Poor though it was, it was the only shelter in the vast plain.

They had not been long hidden when they heard the galloping of horses' hoofs, and the Indians came to a halt not a hundred yards from where they lay. They gave themselves up for lost for a moment, but soon ascertained that the Indians had halted merely for breakfast.

At that very instant, however, they were menaced by an unexpected danger. They were pressing colse against the buffalo skeleton, afraid to move for fear of disclosing themselves to the Indians, when they heard a peculiar whir, and to their horror saw a huge rattlesnake coiled within two feet of their faces.

It was a trying moment. Death threatened them on either hand. Both men remained motionless, however, and at length the angry rattler quieted down and its tail ceased its rapid vibrations, although it still remained in coil. The slightest movement on the part of the scouts sufficed to set the rattles in motion again.

For what seemed a long time the situation remained unchanged. Then Jack, who was solacing himself with a large chew of tobacco, suddenly spat squarely on the snake's head.

The reptile was taken by surprise and the result was good. The snake uncoiled and glided off, actually crawling over Trudeau's leg as it went.

The Indians rode away soon afterward, and the two scouts drew a breath of relief. But it was not for several hours that they dared to venture from their place of concealment.

Stories of Places.

If one may judge by the past, the forthcoming dredging of the Tiber ought to yield some remarkable "finds." In 1877 an effort was made to give to the stream a uniform depth of nine feet. The dredging involved in this hardly penetrated more than three feet below the bottom. Nevertheless an enormous number of antiques were disinterred. Few of these dated back to classical times. Coins were discovered at the rate of 14,000 per annum, but nearly all belonged to the last two centuries. Some thousands of weapons were also recovered, the witnesses to the revolutions and political outbreaks of the last few hundred years. On only two occasions has the Tiber been pierced to a depth of over thirty feet—once in constructing the Ponte Garibaldi and once in repairing the Ponte Sisto. The excavations made at these times were confined to a very small area, but they brought to light an enormous mass of archaeological material. The treasures comprised coins, medals, sculptures, bronzes, brasswork, inscribed stones and gems, specimens of pottery and also marbles. None of these objects had suffered much from their entombment, which varied from 1,500 to 1,800 years.

Spion Kop has already become almost a place of pilgrimage. The Natal newspapers report that coach-drives to its vicinity take place regularly from Ladysmith. In a word, Spion Kop, like Majuba, promises to be one of the "lions" of South Africa. It is, however, less accessible to the average globe-trotter than another of them, Table Mountain overlooking Cape Town. The battlefields of South Africa give a sad new topographical interest to that country. It is touching to find a reference to the dead of one of those battlefields in an advertisement of a sale of land. This advertisement refers to the Spion Kop district and lays down the condition that the purchasers of the ground must respect the graves which dot it over.

Until a few years ago Fez, the capital of Morocco, where the sultan has been besieged lately by the pretender to his throne, had practically a monopoly in the manufacture of the Turkish national head dress named after it—the "fez"—as it was supposed that the peculiar dull crimson color of the tasseled skull cap could be obtained only by using the dye made from a certain berry largely grown in the neighborhood of the city. The berry is also much used in the dyeing of morocco leather. Now, however, France and Turkey, and to a certain extent Austria, actively compete with Fez for what is still a very lucrative trade.

First Wheel Clock.

Some one says that Archimedes made the first wheel clock so early as 2000 B. C., says the London Electrical Oge. Others give credit to Wallingford, who lived so late as the beginning of the fourteenth century. But the more perfect water clocks were, long before the latter period, furnished with wheels, so that the only improvement was the substitution of a solid body to act as a moving weight, instead of water. It is not to be wondered at that the application of a weight to clocks as a moving power should attract so little attention, as water and sand were undoubtedly thought more convenient by contemporary writers. The oldest complete clock moved by weights is probably that sent by the Sultan of Turkey to Frederick II. in 1232. In the thirteenth century many of the church steeples in Italy were furnished with clocks moved by weights, which struck the hours. Hele, of Nuremberg, is supposed to have constructed the first watch in 1500; and to him must also be given the credit of the spring clock. The fusee was probably invented in England about the end of the sixteenth century. But it was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the pendulum was first applied to clocks by Huyghens.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Gallery gods move in the highest circles.

Lots of men talk like philosophers and act like fools.

A pain that doubles a man naturally increases his sighs.

The bunion's progress is painfully interesting to the pilgrim.

Lovers, like armies, get along well enough till the engagement begins.

Wise is the man who marries young, makes a hit, and doesn't brag about it.

I Will Cure You of
Rheumatism
Else No Money Is Wanted.

Any honest person who suffers from Rheumatism is welcome to this offer.

I am a specialist in Rheumatism, and have treated more cases than any other physician, I think. For 16 years I made 2,000 experiments with different drugs, testing all known remedies while searching the world for something better. Nine years ago I found a costly chemical in Germany which, with my previous discoveries, gives me a certain cure.

I don't mean that it can turn bony joints into flesh again; but it can cure the disease at any stage, completely and forever. I have done it fully 100,000 times.

I know this so well that I will furnish my remedy on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism, and I will mail you an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure. Take it for a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is only $5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself—and your mere word shall decide it.

I mean that exactly. If you say the results are not what I claim, I don't expect a penny from you.

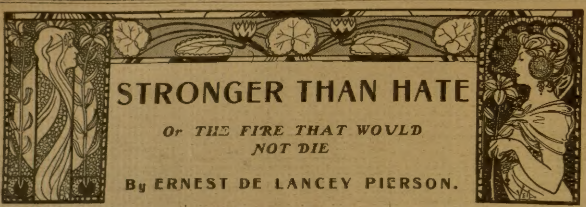
I have no samples. Any mere sample that can affect chronic Rheumatism must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. It has cured the oldest cases that I ever met. And in all my experience—in all my 2,000 tests—I never found another remedy that would cure one chronic case in ten.

Write me and I will send you the order. Try my remedy for a month, as it can't harm you anyway. If it fails it is free.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 502, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.



STRONGER THAN HATE

Or THE FIRE THAT WOVLD NOT DIE

By ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

Begun in No. 8, Feb. 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

JEOFFREY'S FLIGHT.

Jeoffrey Hale made for the river because he knew that below the embankment there were rocks and bushes and trees. In this labyrinth he might be able to throw off his tenacious pursuer. The remembrance of Jeffcot's determined face made him feel sure that the little man would not be easy to lose.

The storm favored him, and he had reasons for blessing it. But how little progress he seemed to be making in the teeth of the gale which rose like a wave to push him back. The river seemed miles away. It appeared impossible that he should not be overtaken. He expected at any moment to feel a hand on his shoulder or to hear the singing of a bullet about his ears.

But what he expected did not happen, and meanwhile the electric lights on the embankment gleamed more brightly as he neared them. He glanced back for a moment without relinquishing his speed. To his surprise he saw no one. Had Jeffcot given up the pursuit? No; for as he looked a shadow rose as it seemed from the pavement. The detective had probably slipped and fallen, and was now scrambling to his feet.

Jeoffrey made the most of the chance. He reached the embankment and without a thought of what lay on the other side flung himself over the wall.

How long he seemed in falling before he felt a sudden, jarring pain! He lay where he had dropped with no desire to move. The race was over as far as he was concerned.

He seemed to have fallen into some sort of an excavation. Bushes protected the opening and shielded him from much of the snow. It seemed very good for him to rest even in such an inhospitable place, and he was surprised at his own indifference of being discovered.

Now and then he thought he heard the sound of a step crashing down the underbrush, but it may have been the fierce wind from the river. But he knew this drowsiness that swept over him was dangerous. It would be suicidal to remain there any longer. He must have shelter, and a fire to restore his benumbed circulation.

Scrambling out of the pit, he looked at his watch and found that it was one o'clock. The storm was spent though the sky was still overcast. There was no sign of the detective as he made his way up to the street. A good thing, for he felt that another such a run was impossible; he had not the strength.

He was fortunate in meeting with a belated cab and ordered the driver to take him to the nearest hotel. To return to his own in the disreputable condition he must be in would excite comment. It was not a very inviting-looking place to which the Night Hawk conducted him, but Hale was not in a condition to be critical. Having arranged to have his clothes dried and furbished up while he slept, he went to bed, and did not open his eyes until the bright morning sun streamed into his shabby room.

Refreshed by a generous breakfast, he considered his situation. It would be impossible for the present for him to see Laura Sedgely and get an explanation. To write to her would be equally futile. A letter would probably never reach her. To remain in the city he stood a good chance of meeting with Jeffcot. He felt that the little man would not readily abandon the prospect of catching him. Clearly the best thing for him to do would be to leave town for a while until some of the hue and cry was over.

He recalled that he had an old uncle living in Pennsylvania. A retired soldier of eccentric ways, whom he had not seen in years, and who lived much like a hermit. He would go there and get his advice.

Having made up his mind, he did not stop even to send to his hotel for any of his belongings, but, having settled his reckoning, stepped into the street. Hailing the first carriage in sight, he gave orders to be driven to the ferry.

Just as he was getting into the vehicle he looked back for a moment. What he saw caused him to slam the door and drop down on the cushions in alarm.

Jeffcot was standing on the curb looking after him, or it seemed so. But the carriage rolled away, and the little man was soon lost sight of in the crowd.

Jeoffrey, however, did not feel comfortable until he was on the train and they were sweeping out of the station. He still kept a wary outlook for any suspicious-looking personage, crouching down in his seat with his hat pulled down over his eyes.

Presently an elderly man came and sat down beside him. He had a pleasant, rosy face like a winter apple, and was neatly dressed in an old-fashioned way.

"A pleasant day," began the stranger. "Going far?"

Jeoffrey Hale, who had been gloomily thinking of all kinds of terrible possibilities that might result from the last night's adventure, regarded his neighbor with suspicion.

"I'm going to Philadelphia," he mumbled in a surly voice.

"Oh, indeed; I only go as far as Bristol. But you seem to be overcome with the heat of the car. Perhaps we had better have the window open a little?"

"I—I—it is very comfortable here. I beg you won't mind me. I have been ill," muttered Hale, wishing his fellow-traveler was far away. This guileless-looking individual might be a detective, or why was he so anxious to strike up a conversation.

But he had to listen to the other's garrulous remarks until it seemed as if his brain would give way under the strain. He must try and shake the fellow off. Better to leave the train at the first opportunity, even if he had to look for his eccentric uncle on foot. Consulting his time-table, he found that there was a station some eight miles this side of Penn's Manor, where his uncle lived. It would be best to leave the train there, and proceed on foot. This sharp-eyed fellow-traveler worried him.

He still had to endure much more of the other's talk before they drew near the station where he hoped to slip away. Already a few outlying buildings began to appear, which showed that they were nearing the place.

Jeoffrey rose and stepped into the aisle.

"I know some people here," he said, carelessly. "I want to see if any of them happen to be on the platform at this time of the day."

"Very good, I'll keep your seat for you," said the genial gentleman who shared the seat.

Jeoffrey reached the platform and before the train had ceased to move dropped off into the ditch that ran along the tracks. Starting to his feet, he slipped behind a pile of lumber and keeping that between him and the train sped across the road and did not stop running until he was half a mile away from the station. He had not met a living human being on his way. He saw the smoke wreath of the receding train in the distance as he paused under a tree and mopped his forehead.

Before him on all sides he saw fields covered with snow. There were no signs of a town or indeed a house in sight. It was an unpromising place for one who wished to escape observation.

It was many years since he had been in that part of the country, but he knew that somewhere to the right must flow the Delaware River.

He knew, too, that his eccentric relative lived near the river, and that by following its course he must eventually reach his house. Buttoning his coat up about his ears and pulling his soft felt hat down over his eyes he stepped into the road, hoping that he would meet no one on the way.

It had grown much colder since he left the city, and there was a prospect of more snow in the air. It was a desolate landscape through which he passed that was not calculated to cheer him up.

He had not proceeded far on his way when at a turn of the road who should he see in the distance but his old companion of the cars, whom he hoped was by this time miles away.

Jeoffrey, prepared to shy at any shadow, was panic-stricken, tumbled over the fence and set out on a run over the fields, never stopping to look back to find if he were followed or not.

He did not pause until a group of rotten haystacks covered with snow came in sight. By removing the hay at the bottom of one of these he forced himself inside and then covered up the holes as best he could.

He heard no sound from without but the whining of the wind. The snow might have deadened the sound of footsteps.

It was far from uncomfortable in this warm but unsavory nest. He was not disposed at the time to be critical.

He blamed himself that he had not provided some food for such an emergency, for his run in the frigid air had given him a furious appetite. He was forced to satisfy the pangs of hunger by chewing the broken cigar which he found in his pocket. The effect of the nicotine must have been quieting, for he presently dozed off, soothed by the warmth and silence.

He awoke to find something pulling at his foot. Could it be a dog? He reached out and grasped a hand. Only for a moment, and then he heard the sound of retreating steps and the hoarse voice of a man calling.

It did not matter much who had discovered him there. This place was no longer a refuge. He crawled out of his hiding place and looked around him.

He saw that the stack in which he had secreted himself belonged to a distant farm house that loomed up black among some gaunt trees in the distance.

Smoke was ascending from the chimney. They must be preparing their noonday meal. And he was so hungry. He turned his face resolutely away and strode off in the direction he supposed the river to be. Whoever had interrupted his slumbers in the hay stack did not return; it may be that the person was quite as frightened as he was. The sight of the Delaware, grim and gray, forbidding, with its floating ice fields, was a cheerless yet welcome sight to the fugitive. By following its course, he must reach his uncle's house. Once that was gained he was sure a welcome awaited him.

It seemed to him that he had never made such little progress as that day over the frozen ground. His exposure of the night before had stiffened every muscle, while he seemed shod with lead.

What a nuisance it was to be so hungry! He would have risked anything for a morsel to eat.

Nothing but the cheerless landscape, not even a house in sight. He strode manfully on wondering how much further he had to go. He thought gloomily that there might be a chance that the uncle had moved away, but he tried not to dwell on such a dismal possibility. He walked on, thinking of some famous dinners he had enjoyed in the past. Walked? It was more of a stagger now. The gray scéne was swimming around him. The snow whirled in fantastic shapes. Once he came near falling into the water.

This would never do! He was trying to accomplish too much. He sat down limply at the foot of a tree and rested his face wearily on his hands.

And all this suffering he was led into by her, he thought, bitterly. But, no; it would be cruel to hold her responsible; after all, she may have had nothing to do with the matter. It was his own foolhardiness in risking so much to see her that had led him into trouble.

Was that the wind or had some one pulled at his sleeve? He raised his head, dazed, and saw a tiny boy standing before him. The little one was roughly clad, but warmly, his face glowing in the cold air. His bright curls floating in the breeze.

Jeoffrey was comforted, for he had nothing to fear from this mite, and it was pleasant when he felt so lonely to meet with a human being that he could talk to safely.

The child was looking at him curiously, with eyes full of wonder. Then Jeoffrey saw that he carried a can in one hand that evidently contained milk, for some of the white fluid had spilled over the edges. In the other hand he carried a huge brown loaf of tempting crispness, done up partly in a piece of brown paper.

Jeoffrey, at the sight of these appetizing things, forgot for a time his troubles—of the little man in black. Hunger had banished all other feelings.

The boy's hand rested confidingly on his knee.

"Poor man is you vewy mis'able?" asked the child.

"I'm very hungry," muttered Jeoffrey, eyeing the food with wild and wolfish eyes.

The child seemed a little startled at the expression on Jeoffrey's face and then looked at his loaf of bread.

"I'd give ye some of this on'y Pap would like as not gin me a lickin'," he said, regretfully.

"Where did you get those things?" asked Hale, in such a harsh voice that the child started back in fright. "Come," taking a dollar out of his pocket, "you shall have this for the loaf and the milk."

"I kin get some more yander," said the boy, pointing in the direction of the railroad.

"Then do it, youngster, and here is your money. You can keep the change," eagerly.

The child looked at the money, but showed no signs of taking it.

"If you're that rich," he said, thoughtfully, "why are you hungry?"

"Never mind about that, but do as I tell you."

"Well, you are a queer man," and the little hand went out, took the money, and without a word, he set off down the road as fast as his fat legs would carry him. Jeoffrey did not wait until the tiny figure was out of sight before he attacked the bread and milk. It was only when the last crumb and drop had been consumed that he thought regretfully that he should have saved some in case he found himself again in a similar predicament. Well, it was too late to think of that now.

"Heaven bless the little Samaritan," he murmured, as he rose feeling cheered and refreshed. "I hope when he is older he will never find himself in such a corner as I am in."

He set out on his journey again, filled with fresh courage and determination. Perhaps the worst was over. Little did he think when he returned to the city after his absence, eager to see the face he loved again, that it would come to this—that he was a hunted man!

He had now reached a part of the road that dipped down almost to the river's edge. He was thinking over the situation, his eyes bent on the ground, as he pursued stolidly his plodding way.

"Stop where you are!" a sharp voice rang out clear as a pistol shot close at hand.

Jeoffrey looked up, to find himself facing the little man in black—Jeffcot!

"Take it quietly, my young friend—quietly. You have given me a pretty chase, I assure you," said the detective, covering him with a pistol.

CAPTER V.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE!

On the bright morning that followed the incident of the red lamp a young woman stood looking out of the window on the snowy garden that had been the scene of Jeoffrey Hale's uncomfortable vigil. Could she but have learned by some subtle intuition of the scene that had taken place in that very room where she was standing now perhaps the whole course of her life might have been changed; certainly it would have spared her many heart aches.

Laura Sedgely was only twenty, but she looked fully five years older. The wandering life she had led with her step-mother, passing from one hotel to another, and never really knowing the peace of a real home had prematurely aged her.

Life had become a serious thing to her when girls of her own age were just beginning to taste its joys. There had been that brief season that she had known Jeoffrey Hale and the future seemed to loom up brightly before her. But he had gone away, and it was now three months since she had heard from him. He was back now; she had seen him the very day before in the street, yet he had not come to see her, had probably forgotten her. Her dream was dead.

She was becoming weary of everything, willing even to marry Gilbert if it could put an end to Mrs. Sedgely's persecutions. After all, what use was there in waiting for a man who had forgotten her. Gilbert was not objectionable, and by marrying him she would have done with the constant nagging. What did it matter, anyway? Mrs. Sedgely, knitting in the corner, looked up as the girl turned from the window.

"Not sorry to leave this place, Laura?" she asked.

"Oh, no; it is all the same to me where I go," replied the girl, wearily, as she slipped down into an easy chair beside the fire, and, with her face resting on her hands, stared intently into the glowing coals.

"Well, I am quite sure that it will be a change for the better, my dear. Mr. Chasebore thought we would be better off here than at a hotel, and it was an improvement for all the place is musty. He is such an obliging man, that the moment he thought we should like a change, at once consented."

"You mean you wanted the change, mother," corrected the girl. "It is a matter of indifference to me, as I said before."

"Hum!" with a disdainful sniff. "You are a little out of sorts today; it will not always be that way. Really, I hope that our chance meeting with—er—er—that person yesterday has not upset you."

Laura did not answer, but continued to stare into the fire.

Laura did not answer, but continued to stare into the fire.

"I think if I were a young girl and a man had treated me as he has you, my natural pride would prevent me from showing it."

"Now, mother, don't! Why will you?" turning around, a pleading look on her face.

"Oh, I supposed that you would be glad to hear him spoken about, even if it was not in a complimentary fashion. But, there, I won't mention the subject again. I believe, Laura, that in time you will become a very sensible woman. You will learn to conquer that stubborn Sedgely will; thank Heaven, there is not a bit of it in the Jenkins' family."

The girl did not answer, and the old lady returned to her knitting.

"Really," she continued, meditatively, making a savage jab at the hood she was working on with her needle. "When I was a girl we generally took the advice of our parents and guardians."

"Now, mother, I really hope you are not going to thresh that old straw all over again."

"You are very irritable and disrespectful," said Mrs. Sedgely, looking at the girl with stern disapproval.

"I may be all that and more, but why do you worry me when you have your wish. Have I not consented to sacrifice myself?"

Mrs. Sedgely dropped her knitting in her lap and uttered a mirthless laugh that seemed to come from the deepest part of her anatomy.

"Sacrifice yourself? Why, you poor martyr. A great sacrifice it is for a girl without a penny to settle herself in life—to marry a man of fortune, good looking, and of good habits. You will have a home such as you never knew. Your father——"

"Kindly let my father alone," said Laura, in a mild but determined voice.

"You were," continued Mrs. Sedgely, "one might say cradled in a trunk in a hotel. And in such surroundings you have lived ever since. Now that you have a chance to escape such environment you call it a sacrifice. Really, if poor Mr. Chasemore could see you in one of your tantrums he would think that he was to be the burnt offering."

The daughter had grown very pale at these remarks, but there was a bright spot of color in either cheek as she came and stood near where her step-mother was at work. Her dark blue eyes flashed with a dangerous light. Mrs. Sedgely, who evidently could read signs of the storm approaching displayed an intense interest in her knitting.

"Now, that I have consented to do what you wish, I think there should be an end to these scenes," said the girl. "There might have been some reason before, but now this nagging is superfluous. It is arranged that I shall marry Gilbert, and now all I ask is to be let alone." With these words she turned on her heel and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

"What a temper," murmured Mrs. Sedgely, shaking her head, with an air of grave deprecation. "I don't think Gilbert will find his wife quite so angelic as he believes her to be now. Well, I have had my way and if she only controls herself until the knot is tied hard and fast my work will be over. What a trial that child has been to me!"

The gloomy expression left her face at the sound of a man's voice at the door.

"May I see you a moment, Mrs. Sedgely?"

A moment later Chasemore entered, resplendent in an embroidered dressing gown that made him look like a benignant Oriental idol. His pink and white cherubic face wore a conciliatory smile.

"You will pardon this negligence," he began, "but I know you don't want me to stand on ceremony."

"I am sure you look very picturesque," replied the lady. "You are quite right to make yourself easy and comfortable. It is not as if we were formal guests, but relatives to be," and she cast a knowing glance at him.

Chasemore dropped lazily into a chair beside her.

"I thought I heard Laura's voice a moment ago, just before I came in the room?"

"You could hardly help hearing her, for she talked at the top of her voice, which is by no means a weak one. After laying down the law to me she flounced out of the room," and Mrs. Sedgely sighed.

"I hope that there is no new difficulty," he began.

"No; I fancy the last has been removed. It was the final eruption of the volcano and I think now the angel of peace will return to us."

"And she did not speak of him?"

"No; but I believe she has been thinking about that meeting. Naturally she feels hurt that he has neglected her, hurt and angry, and as I happened to be the most available person on which to exercise her ill nature, I have to suffer accordingly. I think we shall find her as mild in the future as a turtle dove. She speaks now as if the marriage was a settled thing. I really believe she would like to hurry it if only to show that person that she cares nothing for him."

"It cannot come too soon to suit me," said Chasemore, trying to curl his little yellow mustache with his long, white fingers. "I was disturbed yesterday at the thought that perhaps the sight of the old love might have discounted my chances. Fortunately something happened which sent my stock up to par and removed the obstacle?"

Mrs. Sedgely looked at him curiously and he stared down on the floor.

"You speak very positively—you have seen him?"

"Now, please don't ask me any question," he said, smiling. "Because I really could not tell you. It is enough to know that all is well."

Mrs. Sedgely drew her thin lips tightly together and frowned, for she had a curious mind and would have been glad if he had shown himself a little more confiding.

"Well, I am glad you are so confident in the matter," with a sigh.

"You know how I have worked to lead this wilful child in the path of duty. Yesterday I thought all my work would go for naught, and I should have to begin all the campaign over again. It is fortunate that we are going away for even if he should appear again he will have trouble in finding us. Such a tenacious person, there seemed to be no way of shaking him off."

"You need not worry any longer, my dear Mrs. Sedgely. As I told you last night the young man will keep his distance in the future. But are you ready to leave the house?" glancing at the clock. "You have not changed your mind about going?"

"Changed my mind? Never! Do you suppose I should endure another night here after the house was entered?"

Chasemore smiled in a sardonic way and twisted the rings on his fingers thoughtfully.

"No, indeed," she continued. "Why, I have been up since five o'clock packing Laura's trunk as well as my own. I didn't know but she might shy at the last moment under some pretext or other and so I thought it best to be on the safe side and leave her no loophole of escape."

"Ah, you think of everything. She is willing to go?"

"Yes; but not enthusiastic. Perhaps in more cheerful surroundings she may throw off this despondency. But how absurd it is! Here we are all ready to leave, and you have not even hinted where we are going."

"Leave that all to me. I am rather fond of starting off at a few hours' notice. Then there are no anticipations and consequently no regrets when you get there. The best thing I can do for the present is to take you to Lakewood, where, as you know, there is considerable gaiety at this time of the year. We must suffer a hotel for a few days until I can find a furnished cottage, and then——"

"And then?"

"Why, we can remain until the great event," with a smile.

"I am sure that whatever you arrange will be agreeable to us," said Mrs. Sedgely, putting up her knitting. "You always do the right thing at the right time, Mr. Chasemore. And now I will go and put some finishing touches to my packing," going to the door.

"And I will see how my man is getting on," as he prepared to follow.

"Mr. Gilbert here?" asked a voice at the door.

Mrs. Sedgely admitted Devvins, who held a yellow envelope in his hand.

"A telegram for you, sir."

Chasemore took the envelope and tore it quickly open.

"Lost track of our man," he read. "That's good," under his breath. "But I am now close on his heels." He frowned and threw the telegram in the grate. "I hope Jeffcot won't come up with him," was the wish that ran through his mind just then.

Mrs. Sedgely, who had been watching his face, turned away disappointed that she was not to learn the contents of the telegram.

"You can go now, Devvins," said Chasemore, addressing the servant. "I shall be upstairs in a moment and see if you have done your work all right."

The man bowed and left the room.

"Any good news?" asked Mrs. Sedgely.

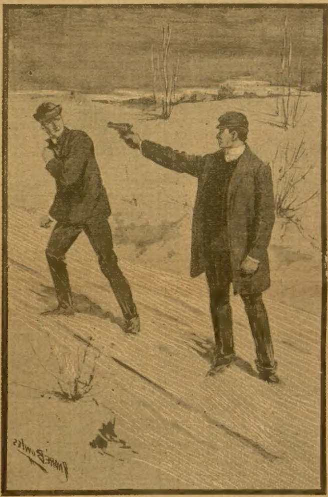
"Well, it's good and bad," replied the young man, with a smile. "But I must go now and look after things. I will see you at lunch, mother."

As soon as the door had closed behind him Mrs. Sedgely ran over to the grate and picked up the telegram, which had not had time to be consumed.

"'Lost track of our man. But I am now close at his heels. Jeffcot.' I wonder who is referred to here," she said, thoughtfully. "There is only one man who is of special interest just now. Can this refer to Jeoffrey? Jeffcot? Why, it seems to me that is the name of a detective who has solved some difficult cases. It is a name not easily forgotten. Oh, I should like to know everything."

She tore the telegram up in small pieces and carefully deposited them in the red heart of the fire.

"Mr. Chasemore has done something to get Jeoffrey out of the way—but why should I worry about the details? I am sure he must have managed it in a gentlemanly manner. And it is all for Laura's good, though the poor child does not know it. Some day she will be grateful to me for what I have done," and, strengthened with the consciousness of having done her duty, Mrs. Sedgely left the room.



"Stop where you are!" a sharp voice rang out.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE RIVER.

"What do you want with me?" stammered Hale, as he leaned weakly against a tree for support, and eyed the little man in black.

Jeffcot laughed hoarsely.

"Well, you are a new type, I must say. Still tryin' to play the innocent. It can't be possible that you have forgotten my face when it is only twenty-four hours or so since we met? I should like to take you back to New York without any trouble."

As he spoke he advanced several paces and waited to see if Jeoffrey intended any violent demonstration.

The young man watched him approach with a frozen stare. Had he suffered so much only to fall into this man's hand at last? There flashed before him in perspective what would happen if he was taken back. He would be put on trial and proved to have entered a house in a burglarious manner. The only way out would be to acknowledge that he had come there to meet a lady—Laura. He could only save himself at her expense. Then he thought of what the sensation papers would have to say, to print and picture the next day. Her good name would be gone forever. No; he would not hide himself behind a woman's petticoats no matter what happened; he would suffer alone if need be, and spare her.

Jeffcot evidently read resistance in Hale's eyes, for he advanced, his steely eyes glittering, walking stiffly as a marionette.

"I am not going back with you," said Hale, firmly, at the same time throwing one arm around the tree against which he was leaning.

Jeffcot smiled as if he rather enjoyed the situation.

"You had better—you had better, young man," he said, grimly.

But even as he spoke his foot slipped and he went down, his revolver flying out of his hand.

It was Hale's opportunity and he was quick to take it. Before Jeffcot could struggle to his feet they had clinched.

For all he was small, the detective had strength, and was quite an equal match for his bigger opponent; moreover, Hale was weakened through exposure and needed rest.

They had rolled during the struggle to the foot of the old tree whose roots, exposed by the river's wash, stood out like the bones of a skeleton. Here Hale clung with all the energy of despair.

Jeffcot found that he had no easy task before him. He saw, too, that Hale was breathing hard and must soon give in, so he nerved himself for a final effort that would give him the advantage.

He succeeded in breaking the other's hold on the tree roots, but in doing so they both rolled down the embankment into the river.

Jeffcot uttered a groan, which Hale, with the keen interpretation of a man in such a crisis understood to mean that the detective could not swim. Such, indeed, proved to be the case.

As for himself he had been brought up on the banks of these very waters years ago. He could not remember the time when he was unable to swim.

The advantage was now all on his side. He did not want anything serious to befall Jeffcot, who was, after all, only doing what he believed was his duty. But wanted to render him unconscious, and so have time to get away.

Conscious that he would win, he paid no attention to the floating ice that cut his hands or the icy spray that dashed in his face. But the water had a numbing effect and it would be well to end the struggle as soon as possible. He bent all his efforts in getting the other under water and keeping him there until he could do no further harm. But Jeffcot, for all he could not swim, was plucky, refused to be shaken off, and clung to him like a limpet to a rock. He believed no doubt that this desperate young "burglar" meant to have his life, so he struggled on.

Hale had succeeded several times in forcing him under water, but he struggled up again. Just then a cry was wafted to them from the shore.

Jeoffrey looked around and his heart sank for three men were running towards them over the fields. One man he could see wore some sort of a uniform such as a village constable might wear. The two others carried pitchforks and were probably farm hands pressed into service to capture the desperate criminal.

"Hold on an' we'll help you," yelled the man in the uniform.

Hale thought for a moment of letting the detective go and trying to reach the other side of the river.

But was it possible to reach there through such a whirl of ice and after being weakened by this continued struggle?

"Hold on to him! Don't let the pelican go!" cried one of the men who had now reached the shore with his fellows.

For a moment Hale's heart leaped within him. Could it be possible that these bumpkins believed him to be the detective?

He took his cue at once. At least the deception was worth trying.

"Yes; I have the rascal," he spluttered out, "and a mighty hard time he gave me."

"We'll help you out," replied one of the three. "Strike for the shore."

Fortunately there was a little projection of the bank further down which Hale was able to reach, still clinging to the limp form of the detective. One of the men was waiting for them and with the aid of his pitchfork and the united efforts of the rest of the party, the two were hauled ashore. Jeffcot seemed to be in an unconscious condition.

"Well, you are a plucky one, an' no' mistake," said the man in the uniform, as he grasped Hale's hand, warmly. "No fun, I guess, to have to fight such a desperate varmint as that in the river."

"No; I shouldn't care to go through such an experience again," shivered Jeoffrey. Then he looked down at the unconscious and bedraggled form at his feet. "I hope the poor man won't die from the effects of this," he murmured.

(Continued on page fourteen.)

No Secret About Consumption.

The Famous Copper Cure Clear as Day—Consumptives Learn How and Why It Restores Them — Common Sense and Candor Mark Treatment.

Everybody Can Get the Free Booklet on Cause and Cure of Consumption.

DR. FREEMAN HALL,

Medical Director Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., Ltd., Whose Chairman is a Member of the British Tuberculosis Congress and Member National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

There is a great deal too much mystery about the practice of medicine. The average doctor seems to think it a duty to keep his patients in the dark. Whether he visits them in the sickroom, or receives them at his office, it is all much the same. In cases of weak or diseased lungs he is apt to be more secretive and sphinxlike than ever. He feels the pulse, examines the tongue and the sputa, often heedlessly enough, perhaps uses the stethoscope to note the state of the breathing organ, and that's about all. Keeping all his knowledge and conclusions to himself, he then writes out his prescription, gives some hints about diet and exposure, and then—why, then he marches off with his fee in his pocket, but gives no word of explanation or enlightenment. He acts as if the patient had no interest in the result and he himself were the only creature concerned.

That is all wrong. We denounce it as a faulty and discouraging system. In administering the Copper Cure treatment (Antidotum Tuberculose) we proceed on a totally different line. Not only do we instruct the patient minutely on the facts of the disease, its cause, progress, dangers, and indications, but we show him what our remedy will do, how and why it does it, and how it meets, vanquishes, and expels the germ that creates the tuberculous condition. All this is in addition to the advice we give on the special diagnosis and which is cheerfully furnished by mail in answer to every request or report. Thus the patient in his own home, and no matter how far away from us, really knows more about the progress of his cure and the change that is happily going forward in his system than he would ever be told by the local physician whom he could meet every day. By virtue of this knowledge, too, we consider him an active participant in his own cure.

In a word, there is no mystery, no occultism, no blind guesswork about the Copper Cure for Consumption. It is based on a sound and rational science, and we feel that the closer our patients study it the stronger will be their confidence and the quicker they will get well.

We earnestly advise everybody who has the least tendency to lung trouble to send at once for our illustrated booklet on the subject. It is mailed free of cost to all who send for it. In clear and simple language it tells you more about this great affliction, with all its symptoms and tendencies, than you could learn in a lifetime from any other source. It also gives the evidence for the Copper Cure and its wonderful success that will comfort you with the assurance that help is ever at hand. Do not wait until you are actually dying; that's all.

Persons who suffer from chills, daily fever, loss of appetite, weak voice, loss of weight, pain in the back, pain in the breast-bone, night sweats, pallor or flushing, lassitude, painful breathing, pains in the lung and chest, a generally disordered system, colds, coughs, or the thousand and one symptoms of a like nature, have only to much reason to fear that the tubercle germ will soon get a lodgment in their system. All who are interested should write for our invaluable free booklet to the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., Ltd., 1930 Bauman Block, Kalamazoo, Mich. It will come to you by mail without cost or delay whatever.

1903 Sample Styles Hold-to-light Silk Fringe and Calling Escort Cards, NO TRASH. CARDS Genuine Cards, with Agt's Big outfit & finest Sample Book, ALL 2 CENTS. BUCKEYE CARD CO. Laceyville, Ohio

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days and never returns; no purge, no salve, no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 695, New York, N.Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE $33.00 CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON

From Chicago via the Chicago & Northwestern Railway every day February 15 to April 30, 1903. Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland daily; double berth rate from Chicago only $6.00.

5 Personally Conducted Excursions each week. Choice of Routes.

Three through trains a day to San Francisco and two to Portland. The only double-track railway to the Missouri River.

For particulars address W. B. KNISKERN, Passenger Traffic Manager, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
29 YEARS OLD.
Published Every Saturday
—BY—
W. D. BOYCE CO.,

All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. One Dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
SATURDAY BLADE
AND
BOYCE'S WEEKLY

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $1.65 per Agate Line, per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger, Saturday Blade and Boyce's Weekly combined.

750,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

UNION LABEL

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL CHICAGO, ILL. 38

There are a great many promising young men who never reach the paying stage.

Even if a man doesn't look like a fool he can easily deceive strangers by acting like one.

You can almost see the cracks in the average man's voice when he attempts to warble.

Let your boy know that you think he will never amount to anything and he will not disappoint you.

A rural citizen in Ohio has cows that laugh. Of course, they are the laughing stock of the neighborhood.

It is reported that playing cards were originally square—and it is barely possible that card-playing was also.

It is interesting to speculate as to what legislation we should have had if the Rockefeller telegrams had not been made public.

In spite of all the good things said in behalf of slang, it is fair to admit that a little grammatical English once in a while is desirable.

Coal has been discovered on the Faroe Islands, which may cause a run for those rocky coasts like the rushes of former days to gold countries when gold was the more precious mineral.

Russell Sage has pulled a different lever and is now predicting a superior line of prosperity. It must be that the cautious Russell has succeeded in loading up with what he wanted.

Montana train robbers should not be judged too harshly. There is no United States senator to be elected from that state this winter and the boys have to do something to make money.

Those who write encouraging articles on success for the inspiration of young men will make a great mistake if they fail to point out how Grover Cleveland, once a barefooted boy, rose to be president of the New Jersey Fishing Club.

Before roasting the unmarried man over a slow fire it is well to have at hand all the facts. In the cases of many of our ablest millionaires no sooner do they die than half a dozen wives with varying numbers of children turn up to claim shares in the property.

THE SIGNET RING;

Or,

Love and Knighthood in the Black Hills.

By ANNIE L. SMITH, Author of "Cuba's Dark Secrets," Etc.

(Copyright, 1902, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 5, Jan. 31. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

AUGUST TWENTIETH, 1876.

A lovely vale cleft in the heart of the hill range, on all sides tower steep cliffs and rugged shoulders, shutting in the green amphitheater, the summits tracing an undulating line against the clear blue heavens, the jagged sides clothed in the somber green of the Norway pine, fir and spruce, with here and there a gray crag cutting a sharp outline like the battlement of some grim castle ruin. In a strong contrast to the frowning walls the green vale they encircle is brightened by great masses of color, patches of the red wood lily, flaming yellow porrilia, wild phlox and pink balm.

The hush of the holy Sabbath is over all, the sun, but little past the meridian, glints in patches of amber through the branches of the tall forest trees, turning the satin-leaved maples to a vivid emerald, and the clusters of sumach berries to a flaming ruby.

To a lover of nature or a botanist, nothing could exceed the beauty of this sylvan nook nestled in the bosom of the Black Hills and within three miles of the mining city of Deadwood.

That the solitude had been invaded was evidenced by the handiwork, zig-zagged up the steep hillside and wound among the overhanging crags and boulders and marking a line across the plain lying at the foot of Butte Mountain, the road from Deadwood to Crook City. But no creaking wagon groaned over the rough way, no tramp of mule echoed across the encircling mountain walls. A deep silence reigned, boding, oppressive as the hush that precedes the cyclone, yet who could foretell that red-handed murder was stalking abroad?

Over the dangerous road Henry Smith, the Black Hills missionary, was returning to Deadwood from Crook City, where he preached in the morning, his bible in his pocket, his Winchester across the saddle.

The muffled hoof-falls faintly broke the profound stillness of nature as they fell upon the soft moss in the dell, but presently clanging out sharply, as the iron-clad feet struck sparks from the flinty rock-rib crossing the pathway, and steed and rider loomed up from beneath a thicket of alders upon the ascent from the dell.

Still at a leisurely pace the missionary pursued his homeward way, now and then glancing to the right and left, one hand upon the rifle at his saddlebow, for he was aware that danger lurked in the road, that the plains were overlooked by Butte Mountain, that from its summit hostile savages might watch for the approach of a white man.

Upon the edge of the basin a cluster of magnificent trees lined the way, and disturbed by the presence of man, bright-eyed, velvet-footed squirrels leaped from branch to branch, myriads of flies suddenly darted from their leafy coverts with busy hum, big, burly fellows in blue and green, with droning buzz, the little forest fly dancing on agile wing darting hither and thither, like a will-o'-the-wisp.

"Um-m-m!" ejaculated the minister, half impatiently, as he swept his hand across his eyes, "I can sympathize with the Gascon peasant, 'The flies, my lord, the flies! the flies!' Mercy! the rapacious pests are so hungry that I really wonder what they fed upon before the white man came. This is getting monotonous—it is a regular nuisance to see the plagues forever dancing before one's eyes, under one's nose and at one's ear."

He emphasized the exclamation by a vigorous slap upon his cheek.

The troublesome insects had disappeared from vision and hearing, but in an instant the swarm was again darting through the green gloom beneath the thick, leafy arcade, in front, in rear, upon the left, upon the right.

"A pest on the whole race of flies, from the historical ones that tormented Pharaoh and his people down to the bloodthirsty genus in these hills!" muttered the minister, whimsically, as he gave his steed's neck a vigorous slap, dislodging and crushing a horny-beaked horse fly. "That insect won't bite again, Bonny," he added, apostrophising the animal.

Breasting the slope he came upon a level and spurred his steed to greater speed.

A wild war-whoop rent the air, the green thicket near at hand seemed to belch fire, and from their ambuscades half a score hideously painted, nearly nude savages bounded, six on foot, four mounted.

With a wordless prayer in his heart, the missionary clutched his rifle and brought it to his shoulder. A stinging pain in arm and leg told him that two of the Indian bullets had taken effect, but there was no coward blood in his veins. His olive face paled, but his black eyes flashed as he took deliberate aim and fired—three shots in quick succession.

A long, melancholy shriek followed, and the foremost warrior, mounted upon a clay-bank pony, reeled, his nerveless hands released their hold upon the rein, and the red rider plunged headlong from the saddle.

Again and again the shots rang out, booming through the forest the deep intonation of the minister's rifle mingling with the sharper crash of the Indian weapons.

From beyond a thicket of pines in the basin came a yell, the cheering shout of white men, and up the slope four men rode at headlong gallop.

A second shout rose as they appeared upon the crest and dashed down to a level with the combatants.

Too late.

The minister's horse reared staggered an instant, and went down, pinning his rider to the earth.

Again that fiendish whoop rang out, a horrible cry, intermediate between the mournful howl of the wolf and the shriek of the catamount, and nine merciless savages, hideous of countenance, their feather-crested scalp-locks writhing like serpents, darted forward, brandishing their murderous knives.

A herculean figure, arrayed in all the bravery of a savage chief, more ferocious than his followers, was the first to reach the helpless white man, for it was his bullet that had brought down the animal.

A groan burst from the lips of the hunters spurring to the rescue. They saw the victim struggle to release himself, saw him beaten back to the ground, heard the shots of the revolvers, and witnessed the last act of the tragedy—the reeking scalping knife doing its deadly work.

A shower of avenging bullets rattled like hail among the crowd of warriors, two fell dead, the hand the chief grasping the black hair, and like cowardly wolves, his warriors fled to cover.

"Too late to save the parson, but not too late to take vengeance! To cover, boys!" yelled Henry Jorgens, as he leaped behind a thick tree trunk.

"We'll fight it out on this line!" shouted California Joe, as he followed Jorgens' example.

From the brushwood where they had taken shelter, the warriors poured a rain of shot, and Charlie Mason dropped, a bullet through the brain.

Shot after shot was fired in quick succession, and within that sylvan dell a very pandemonium reigned, the terrible war-whoops from savage throats mingling with the no less curdling yells from the Indian fighters and the roar of firearms, then sudden silence. The warriors had fled, leaving four of their number stretched upon the earth.

Too wary to be trapped, the scouts remained in cover, until assured that their foes had retreated, and presently across the hilltop Joe discerned a moving object, a pony and rider, just vanishing beyond a projecting spur of rock.

"They've vamoosed," he growled. "I'm goin' to have satisfaction."

Slipping from his saddle he dropped to his knees beside the dead chief.

"You cussed skunk you've got the parson's scalp, but I'll be cussed ef you're goin' to keep it. I'll hev' your whole topknot," growled Joe, savagely, as he drew his keen knife. In a moment he held the severed head of the chief in the air, whirled it about his head and then secured it to his saddlebow, while Bill, equally infuriated, lopped away a hand, and secured a scalplock of a second savage.

"Here's one for Charlie—as brave a mountaineer as ever pulled a trigger on a redskin!" he muttered through his set teeth, and with hand and scalplock slung at his belt, he vaulted into the saddle and rode swiftly after his partners, on the road to Deadwood.

CHAPTER XIV.

"CALAMITY JANE."

"Gone to Crook City; expect to return at 3 p. m."

That was what Gerald Hethrington read from the pencilled slip of paper, tacked upon the low-browed door of the cabin occupied by the Black Hills Missionary.

"Gone! Just my luck!" muttered the Captain, discontentedly, his brow contracting in a frown, "going to preach at Crook, I fancy. Deucedly unfortunate I was not in time to make an appointment, but who the dickens could guess that he'd be up and off before eight, though? Confoundedly dangerous travelling just now over that road winding through the hills, and especially across the plain below Butte Mountain. There's more than one poor devil has been waylaid and murdered on that route, and Smith is taking his life in his own hands when he ventures across there alone, I'll warrant; well, I only hope he'll get through safely, but it's two chances to one he don't get riddled with bullets. However, I must possess my soul in patience and wait until he gets back—if he ever does. 'Expect to return at 3 p. m.' I'll be on hand at that hour, for he's the soul of punctuality and will be here on the dot if he's alive."

So saying the young officer strode away, taking the path across the intervening vale toward the camp.

It was near the hour of three when the young Captain returned. He was making his way through the streets which were filled with the usual motley throng of miners, hunters, cowboys, Indian fighters, and a swarm of the lawless characters that congregated at Deadwood in the mining days.

"Going down to the 'Belle o' Union' to see somebody git shot?" called a tall hunter as the Captain passed.

"No; I'm not in the habit of patronizing the place," returned Hethrington. "There's half a dozen of my troop that spend every hour they can get leave, playing poker down there, and they generally get fleeced by the infernal Chinese gamblers. Serves them right, too."

"Most time for knives and pistols for

I CURE PILES

So That They Stay Cured—Women Need No Longer Submit to Embarrassing Examinations and Big Doctors' Bills — I Cure Female Complaints Also.

I Guarantee to Cure You, and to Show Good Faith Will Send a Package Free to Any Sufferer.

I hold the secret of a discovery which has never failed to cure women of piles or female weakness. Falling of the womb, painful menstrual periods, leucorrhea, granulation, ulceration, etc., are very readily cured by my treatment.

I now offer this priceless secret to the women of America, knowing that it will always effect a cure, no matter how long you have suffered or how many doctors have failed.

I do not ask any sufferer to take my unsupported word for this, although it is as true as gospel. If you will just send me your name and address, I will send you a trial package absolutely free, which will show you that you can be cured. The free trial packages alone often are enough to cure.

Just sit down and write to me for it today. Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box No. 172, Kokomo, Indiana.

PATENTS PROTECT YOUR IDEAS. Consultation free. Fee dependent on success. Est. 1864. MILO B. STEVENS & CO., 809 14th Street, Washington

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE and LIQUOR HABITS CURED. Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 82 Lebanon, Ohio

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DO YOU WANT to make money? We have men and boys making from $5 to $10 per day. Write for full particulars and samples, enclosing 15c stamps for postage, etc. Add's NEWELL & AMES, Comstock, Texas

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A SMALL CAPITAL brings good returns if invested in a MAGIC LANTERN or Stereopticon for exhibition purposes. Write for 250 page illustrated catalogue free. McALLISTER Mfg. Opticians, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

CANCER CURED
WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS
Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcer and all Skin and Womb Diseases. Write for illustrated book. Sent free. Address DR. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE
The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD
CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE

NEW LINE
FINE
SERVICE.

Minneapolis and St. Paul
BEGINNING NOVEMBER 2,
Fast "Limited" night train, with stateroom and open-section sleeping car, buffet-library car, and free reclining chair car through without change. Dining car service
A. H. HANSON, G. P. A. CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Hypnotism

BE A HYPNOTIST AND MAKE FUN and MONEY

It takes but a few hours to learn. The study is both easy and fascinating. Hypnotism is an endless source of fun and wonder. If you know how to hypnotize you can perform the most marvelous feats imaginable. You can do a thousand amazing things that other people cannot do. You can surprise all your friends and make yourself famous. You can place any one you wish under this strange and magic spell. You can compel them to think, act and feel just as you wish. If you want to make money you can do it by giving entertainments, curing diseases or teaching the art to others. These are three sure and easy ways to win a fortune. Why be poor? Why work for others, when you can master this money-making profession so easily? Investigate now. You can learn at home without cost. I will send you my big free book for the asking. It tells all about Hypnotism. It is the most elaborate and valuable work of the kind ever published. It contains hundreds of beautiful pictures and explains all the mysteries and secrets of the art. Anybody can learn from it all about the Hypnotic Spell, how it is operated, how it sways the will of its subjects, heals the sick, reforms the degraded, wins undying love, helps to trade or position, amuses an audience for profit, and gains for the operator himself health, wealth and happiness. It also treats fully on Personal Magnetism, Magnetic Healing and kindred subjects, and how to cure yourself of any pain, ache or disease. Remember, this book is absolutely free. Simply write for it, and it will be sent by next mail, all charges paid. Don't send any money or stamps, but send your name and address to-day. PROF. L. A. HARRADEN, Dept. 42, Jackson, Michigan.

HYPNOTIZING

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

two—hain't had a duel, nor so much as a stray shot there for the last two weeks—an' when sich a miracle happens be sure you're booked to see sunthin' drop afore long," rejoined Sam Bates. "Wall, I'm goin' in to try my luck at a game o' poker; so-long, Cap'n."

Scarcely had the hunter disappeared within the wide-open door of the gambling house and tavern, when a hoarse cry arose in the distance, followed by answering shouts and yells. Louder and louder, near and nearer came the yells, taken up by the crowd.

Captain Hethrington halted, listening intently.

Within the gambling den the shouts were heard and from the tables sprang the gamesters. There was the thud of overturned stools and the crash of glass, as the crowd rushed to the door.

A medley of hoarse cries mingled with the uproar upon the streets.

"What the devil's up?"

"What's all that hullabaloo?"

"Injun's been hoss-stealin', I'll bet my pile!"

The streets were thronged with people, rushing from their abodes to ascertain the cause of the tumult, unwonted even in that wild northwestern town.

Presently the crowd parted right and left, and a cavalcade appeared, four riders dashing at full speed, abreast, one, although wearing a full hunter's attire, buckskin shirt, breeches and leggins, was a woman. From beneath the rim of a coonskin cap streamed a mass of hair, falling far down over her shoulders, while her regular features and beardless chin proclaimed her sex. A rifle was slung across the saddle-bow, a brace of revolvers and a broad hunting knife were thrust in her belt.

"Calamity Jane!" yelled a chorus of voices.

"With California Joe and Texas Bill, by thunder what's that they got?"

"A bear's head—no; I'll be shot ef it ain't an Indian's top-knot! But what the devil Texas has got is more'n I can make out!" roared a third.

"There's been the devil to pay somewhere—allus is when Calamity Jane gets on the warpath."

At full speed the trio rode, neck and neck, California Joe with the scalp-lock of an Indian grasped in his right hand, the eyes glaring out with a savage fire frozen there, the crown bedizzened with a coronet of beads, gaudily painted quills and surmounted with a tuft of eagle's feathers, while Texas Bill waved his trophy above his head.

Before one of the crowd could ascertain what he held in his fingers the party had dashed up in front of the "Belle o' Union" and swung themselves from the saddle.

"What the devil you got there, Texas?" called a lanky miner.

"Can't you see nothin'?" yelled Bill. "It's an Injun hoss-stealer's—the rest o' the skunk is a layin' in the road 'twixt here an' Crook, with three of his kidney alongside, and two white men—Charlie Mason an' the Parson."

"The Parson! What! Not our Parson?" called Charlie Randall, in an incredulous tone. "Why, he had an appointment to preach in the new theater building this evening."

"Our Parson, of course; ain't no other Parson in this section o' country, as I know," chimed in Joe, "an' he won't be apt to keep any app'intment. He's preached his last sermon; he's in the road jest beyond the hills, out on the strip o' level below Butte mountain."

"The cusses didn't git his scalp," interrupted Texas Bill. "I've got it safe and sound."

"You—got his scalp?" cried Captain Hethrington, who had been an attentive listener. "Great God, man! What do you mean?"

"I've got the Parson's scalp and the hand that did the hellish work. I jest brought it in an' I'm ready to sell the hide to tan at a dollar a square inch," returned Bill, savagely. "That man hadn't an enemy in the Hills, 'ceptin' the Injuns. Tell you what, boys, I heerd him preach a sermon a-standin' on a dry goods box in front o' a passel on us that was a playin' keards, an' I tell you what 'tis, his talk took a holt on me I won't never forgit."

"I remember that sermon," called John Blake, who had edged to the innermost part of the circle surrounding the trio.

"I wa'n't listenin' till he had been talkin' a minute or two, but I know that when he was right to the p'int an' afore he got through every one o' the men had dropped their keards and sot with open mouths a takin' in every word; you could a hearn a pin drop 'twas so still," returned Bill.

"Let's get in and take a drink an' then we'll be off to bring in the bodies," called Joe. "Somebody get a team ready an' be lively about it."

There was a general rush to the bar of "The Belle o' Union," and Joe, tossing off a glass of whisky, proceeded to twine the scalp-lock of the dead chief around a nail, high up on the wall, while Bill carefully removed the black locks from the clenched red fingers and suspended the hand in like manner.

"Let 'em hang thar," called Ephraim Butterfield, "team's a waitin', let's be off."

"Whar's 'Calamity'?" called California Joe, as he vaulted into the saddle, "kind o' late in the day for her to be showin' the white feather; thought she had the tallest kind o' grit, but hanged ef she hain't got out o' sight, hoss an' all."

"Women has a soft spot in their hearts, the bravest on 'em, an' Calamity Jane ain't nothin' short o' a woman arter all," answered Texas Bill, in an aggrieved tone.

"Wa'n't she along with ye when you had the fight?" questioned Ephraim Butterfield.

"No; she j'ined us jest afore we got into town half a mile out; she was comin' in from the minin' camp, an' I reckon she's gone back ag'in."

A large party had gathered in response to a call for volunteers and a team with a sufficient guard rattled over the rough road winding through the hills.

"The bodies are three miles out?" inquired Gerald Hethrington, who was one of the party.

"About that by the road," returned California Joe, "out on the level strip jest beyond the hills."

Captain Hethrington looked at his watch. At moonrise he must reach the trysting place, not to bear away the bride he had hoped to claim as his own—the man who would have united the young lovers was lying cold in death. Would a magistrate perform the ceremony without the consent of Ransom Falconer, one of the wealthiest mine owners in the hills?

With a heavy heart Captain Hethrington rode forward with California Joe and Texas Bill, the party which had swelled to the number of seventy-five, following, some mounted, others on foot.

The hush of deep excitement had followed the loud clamor, and only the rumble of the wagon and the steady tramp of men and animals broke the silence.

Upon the crest of the hill overlooking the fatal spot, California Joe drew rein with a jerk.

"By Judas! look there!" he exclaimed, "ef that hain't Calamity! Jest look at the gal, partner! Take it all back 'bout her showin' the white feather; she's a stan'in' guard over them dead bodies as sure as my name's California Joe."

"I don't take back that she's got a soft spot in her heart," responded Texas Bill, "'cause for why she's watchin' them poor fellows as carefully as ef they was dead babies, but the courage is thar; 'tain't no child's play to stay whar you're a fair mark for an Injun bullet. Durn my buttons ef she ain't an angel in petticoats—no, in breeches! Hi! Look out! see that!" he broke off suddenly, throwing up his hands, palm outward, for Calamity Jane had suddenly turned, caught sight of the horsemen, and as quick as thought her rifle was leveled full toward the object of her suspicion.

Instantly the weapon was lowered, for Calamity Jane had perceived her mistake, and resuming her position beside the bodies, she awaited the coming of her friends.

"Come mighty nigh having a calamity," was Calamity Jane's greeting, as the party rode up, "sun straight in my eyes, else I'd have known the difference between a white man and a redskin."

For a moment there was profound silence, every face blanched, every heart throbbed painfully. The unclouded afternoon sun shone upon a scene where the stillness of death had fallen.

Lying face downward was the missionary of the Black Hills, his limbs still pinioned beneath the body of the horse, fairly riddled with bullets, blood of man and animal mingling in tiny pools.

The soft felt hat was lying beneath the body of the animal, but the mutilated head of the missionary was hidden from sight beneath a covering of tender green leaves, blood besprinkled, but concealing the spectacle which would have turned the stoutest heart sick with horror.

"God bless you, gal! There spoke the true woman's heart," whispered Texas Bill, and in an instant he was kneeling beside the dead and carefully removing the screening leaves. When he rose from his knees the crown of soft black hair was replaced and only the brave woman who had kept watch and ward, and the bold Indian fighters had looked upon the savage work of the red murderers.

CHAPTER XV.

ENSNARED.

Close beside the body of his victim lay the trunk of the stalwart chief.

The crashing of brushwood broke the silence and a line of black-muzzled tubes were levelled in the direction from which the sounds proceeded. The sound of hoofstrokes, a loud neigh, and a superb steed caparisoned in all the splendor of a barbaric taste could devise, broke from the underbrush and galloped directly to the spot where the headless body lay, the neigh changing to a sound that is almost a moan as he placed his nozzle against the brawny hand that will never again wield knife or tomahawk.

"It's his horse, and a knowin' critter, ef he is the property of a redskin; stole when he was a colt, I reckon. We'll take him in," commented Joe.

Scattered within a radius of a hundred yards lay three Sioux braves, each shot through the head, attesting to the unerring marksmanship of the old Indian fighters, and at a short distance, and just within the thicket of pine brush, Charlie Mason was stretched. A single bullet had done its work.

Great beads of perspiration bedewed Gerald Hethrington's forehead as he assisted Joe to raise the dead missionary and bear it to the waiting team.

Side by side the bodies of the minister and bold scout were laid, while with willing hands half a dozen of the pioneers plied the spade, hastily excavated a trench wherein the four dead savages were unceremoniusly interred.

The horse which had been the property of the savage chief neighed and kicked viciously, refusing to be led away, until a woman's wit brought the animal to subjection. The blanket that had been worn by the Sioux chief was thrown across the bodies of the white men. The ruse was successful. Obediently as a dog the refractory steed followed the vehicle, as the sad procession moved slowly over the rough road in the direction of Deadwood.

The sun was setting in undimmed glory, the western horizon aflush with crimson and gold, opal and violet, and amid the radiance the Day-King dazzled like a jewel of flame, the prismatic rays falling upon the faces of the dead like a benison from Heaven. Then, lingeringly, the daylight faded, a tender twilight brooded over the scene, and in the purple gloaming of golden stars flashed out, marking the path of the milkyway with a white radiance.

The lights were twinkling in the "Belle o' Union" when the procession passed on their way to the cabin lately occupied by the dead missionary, and the gamblers hastily left the gaming tables and joined the throng.

The excitement was intense.

He had returned and kind hands bore the bleeding form across the threshold and deposited it upon the rude pallet that had been his bed, side by side with the man who had fallen in striving to avenge him.

Reverently they removed the Bible from its resting place above the pulseless heart, the worn cover yet wet with the blood of its owner, like the tiny scrap of paper folded between the leaves, on which was written the text of his last sermon.

"So much as in me is, I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also."

Eyes all unused to tears were dimmed with moisture and hands that could bring down a bird upon the wing or send a bullet straight to the heart of a red foeman racing at headlong speed in dizzying circles, trembled perceptibly as they smoothed the blood-stained garments that were the only shroud of one who had endeared himself to all by his pleasant words and deeds of kindness.

And while the watchers at the cabin kept their lonely vigil beside the dead soldier of the cross and the brave scout, in other quarters of the town and suburbs, far different scenes were being enacted. Upon the principal streets knots of men collected, conversing in awe-stricken tones of the events of the day and women whispered in the doorways, casting frightened glances up and down the streets.

Lights were twinkling in the windows, a broad red glare lay across the sidewalk in front of the "Belle o' Union," where the games were waxing fast and furious, for the murder of a man, even two, was not an uncommon occurrence in the early days of Deadwood.

The moon was rising in splendor, sailing upward in her azure pathway amid a galaxy of golden stars, when Ione Falconer reached the trysting place, within the shadow of the pines, her heart beating tumultously, her cheeks alternately flushing and paling with a sense of fear for which she was at a loss to account.

How preternaturally still it was, how lonely sounded the cry of the whip-poor-will near at hand, how slowly the minutes dragged while she waited for the lover who came not.

Higher and higher climbed the pearl-fair queen of night, while with bated breath and heaving breast the young girl stood listening intently for the faintest sound that might herald the approach of her betrothed.

The crackling of twigs broke the stillness, and with a sudden impulse she drew back closer in the deep shadows, leaning against a tree-trunk, for the sound of voices mingled with the footsteps, not the modulated, cultivated address of Captain Hethrington, but the rough, deep bass of ruder speech.

"Confounded bad business this, the killing of the Parson; did you git all the particulars, Sam?"

"Nary a one," responded a second voice. "I reckon we'll hear all about it when we git to the 'Belle o' Union.'"

"I s'pose so," returned the first speaker, as the twain came into view, and Ione saw that they were men in rough mining garb, whom she at once recognized as Sam Weaver and Tom Perkins, uncouth, but kindly hearted men, whom she had seen on more than one occasion while visiting the mining district where her father was superintendent and manager.

With a sudden impulse she stepped into the broad patch of moonlight.

Instantly both men grasped the butts of their revolvers, but dropping their hands as they recognized the young girl.

"Good Lord, Miss, you come mighty nigh gittin' hurted that time," exclaimed Sam Weaver; "beg to be excused, but you come so suddint. Thar's Injuns 'lurkin' 'round you know, and a man has to shoot fust an' think arterwards."

"It is I who should beg your pardon," returned Ione. "I heard you speaking of the Parson; has any accident befallen him?"

"A mighty big one, Miss; he's killed an' scalped; he an' another man, so Ben Foster told up in camp."

"Another?" questioned Ione, an indefinable fear at her heart that the other might be Gerald Hethrington. "Do you know who?"

"No; I don't know him; he's a Injun fighter named Mason, that's all I know."

"Cap'n Hethrington o' the reg'lars went out with a squad to bring in the bodies, so Ben said; don't know whether they've got back yet or not; there's been hot work out there, 'cordin' to Ben's story. We're goin' down to the 'Belle o' Union' to find out," volunteered Perkins. "Good evenin', Miss."

The two strode away, and Ione glided back into the blackness. The man who was to have performed the marriage ceremony was dead. Was there a fate which would separate her from the man she loved?

With a supreme effort she strove to regain her calmness. Of course he had been detained. He must not leave his post of duty, even to keep the tryst; he believed that she must be informed of the tragedy.

With senses sharpened to a preternatural acuteness she listened and watched, looking out across the glade to the pathway leading to the travelled way, the road to the town below.

So entirely was her attention turned in that direction that she heard nothing of the slight movement of the branches behind, scarcely louder than the flutter of a bird, or the slipping of a snake through the coarse grass.

From the direction of the road came the sound of falling hoofs which ceased abruptly as if the rider were about to dismount.

"Gerald, my love," she breathed, softly, with a sigh of relief, ending in a stifled cry, an arm clasps her waist, a handkerchief is pressed over her mouth and nostrils, a strange, disagreeable odor stifles her, the white moonlight fades, turns to blackness, and all is blank.

The chloroform has done its deadly work, and the dark head falls heavily upon the shoulder of Paul Fernald. Ione Falconer lies in his arms as helpless as the dead.

A moment later a man emerges from the coppice, leading two horses.

"Here, Fox-Paw, take the girl up and see that you keep well out of the way of the miners; go by the old trail to Butte Mountain and ride like the devil," commanded the villain," and without a word the lithe savage obeyed and was off like the wind.

This story of thrilling pioneer days is entirely founded on facts and actual happenings. Further chapters will be given Ledger readers next week. All new subscribers are given our free patterns and cameras as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

STOP CHEWING!

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. 400,000 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CARDS Send 2c. stamp for New SAMPLE BOOK of all the FINEST Styles in Gold Beveled Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling Cards for 1903. We sell GENUINE CARDS, Not Trash. UNION CARD CO., B39, Columbus, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CUT THIS OUT THEN MAIL IT TO US. [illegible] IT'S A RARE CHANCE. [illegible] J. WEST SUPPLY CO., [illegible] QUINCY, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

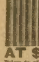
$5.95

Don't Buy a Gold Plated WATCH which will wear off in a few weeks when you can get a 20-Year Gold Filled Watch for $5.95. A guarantee in back of every case. The case fitted with a full jewel American model movement. If you want a watch that will wear and keep good time send your name and address and we will send you by express for examination this Genuine Gold Filled Watch C. O. D. $5.95. A gold plated chain and charm and a 20-year guarantee free with every watch. Mention Ladies' or Gents' size. Address, KOHL & CO., 334 Dearborn St., Dept.124, CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STEEL ROOFING

FREIGHT CHARGES PAID BY US



Strictly new, perfect, Semi-Hardened Steel Sheets, 2 feet wide, 6 feet long. The best Roofing, Siding or Ceiling you can use. No experience necessary to lay it. An ordinary hammer or hatchet the only tools you need. We furnish nails free and paint roofing two sides. Comes either flat, corrugated or "V" crimped. Delivered free of all charges to all points in the U. S., east of the Mississippi River and North of the Ohio River

AT $2.25 PER SQUARE

Prices to other points on application. A square means 100 square feet. Write for free Catalogue No. 400

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., W. 35th and Iron Sts., Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ALLIGATOR
PUNCTUREPROOF
SELF-HEALING BICYCLE TIRES
NAILS, TACKS AND GLASS WILL NOT LET THE AIR OUT.
ALL SIZES
NO TIRE MADE LIKE IT
FEEL OF IT
REGULAR PRICE $10
NOW ONLY $4.95 PER PAIR EXPRESS PREPAID
THE VIM COMPANY COR STATE & LAKE STS. CHICAGO
SOLE MANUFACTURERS

Sent C.O.D. subject to examination anywhere. No deposit required. Express paid only when cash accompanies order. Catalog free, with description and key to this illustration.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

100 Persons Cured Every Day of

Rheumatism

By Magic Foot Drafts. Sent on Approval anywhere in America. TRY THEM FREE.

They Will Cure YOU.

If you read this, you will probably send for a pair of drafts and be CURED of your rheumatism. A great many persons try Magic Foot Drafts every month at our expense. Thousands are cured—and pay. Some are not cured, but have found out without expense that they have something else besides rheumatism. We have thousands of letters on file from Judges, Lawyers, Ministers, officials of the government, and business men, saying that Magic Foot Drafts cured them—many after everything else had failed. All these are open to the public, with a standing offer of $5,000.00 reward to anyone who finds that they are not all given in good faith and without any consideration whatsoever excepting the good the Drafts have done.

Magic Foot Drafts open the pores of the feet, the largest in the body, and by means of the intricate capillary development of the blood vessels here, draw out and neutralize by alkaline reaction the acid poison accumulations in the blood, reaching and permanently curing rheumatism in every part of the body. Our free booklet will convince you that Magic Foot Drafts, which at first glance may seem unreasonable, are really the most logical treatment ever discovered for rheumatism. We want to send you a pair on approval, without a cent in advance. If you are satisfied with the benefit received send us One Dollar. If not, keep your money. Write to Magic Foot Draft Co., W U 28 Oliver Bldg., Jackson Mich. today. Send no money—only your name.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

BUILDING BONES.

Of Great Importance That Children Have Proper Food.

A child will grow up with weak and small bones or strong and sturdy frame, depending on the kind of food given.

That's why feeding the youngsters is of such great importance. The children do not select the food—the responsibility rests with the parent or guardian, or with you if you select the food for a boy or girl.

The scientific selection of this food should begin as early as possible. That's when the delicate little plant needs the tenderest care. A well known lady of Calistoga, Calif., says: "About two years ago my little niece was taken sick. When medical aid was called one physician pronounced the case curvature of the spine; another called it softening of the bones and gave but little hope of her recovery. For weeks she had been failing before her parents thought it anything but trouble from her teething.

"She had been fed on mushes and soft foods of different kinds, but at last her stomach could retain scarcely anything. At this time she had become a weak little skeleton of humanity that could not much more than stand alone.

"The doctors changed her food several times until finally she was put on Grape-Nuts which she relished from the first and ate at almost every meal and her recovery has been wonderful. She has been gaining ever since in strength and weight.

"She has eaten dozens of packages of Grape-Nuts in the last year and a half and the child is now a rosy-cheeked and healthy little girl, still clinging to her Grape-Nuts.

"It is plain the food has saved her life by giving her body the needed material to keep it well and the bone material to build with. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Medicine for Him.

"His wife has treasured all the letters that he wrote to her when he was courting her; keeps them by her all the time."

"Gracious! She doesn't read them over, does she?"

"No; but she threatens to read them to him whenever he gets obstreperous."

DRAKE'S PALMETTO WINE

is a tonic remedy that gives immediate relief and cures chronic stomach trouble and constipation. It is a wonder worker for torpid liver indigestion, dyspepsia, flatulence and constipation, and cures every such case. By its soothing and healing action on the mucous membranes it relieves catarrh and inflammation of kidneys and bladder, and female complaints of any nature like magic and cures perfectly.

A trial bottle is sent prepaid, free of charge to any subscriber or reader of the Chicago Ledger who writes for it to Drake Formula Company, 96 to 102 Lake St., Chicago, Ill. A letter or postal card is your only expense.

This wonderful tonic remedy is nice to take, and one small dose a day cures quickly, and to stay cured.

Ancient Custom Revived.

Giles—Buckingham experienced all the tortures of the inquisition last night.

Miles—You don't say so. How did it happen?

Giles—He was playing roulette.

Miles—Where did the torture come in?

Giles—Why, he was broken at the wheel.

Not Material.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor," said the toastmaster after the dinner was over, "for introducing you inadvertently as 'professor.'"

"That's all right," replied the principal speaker of the occasion. "The title fits me better than 'doctor' does. I profess to be a doctor, but I get mighty little practice."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

His Penalty.

"Would you call stealing a kiss larceny?" queried the inexperienced young man.

"I suppose so," replied the married man who was hustling from dawn to dusk to support his family.

"What is the penalty?"

"Why, I stole a kiss one time and was sentenced to hard labor for life."

Pile and Fistula Cure.
Sample treatment Red Cross Pile and Fistula Cure, and book explaining each variety of piles, sent free. Rea Co., Dept. B. W., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mother Couldn't Object.

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked his hostess.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie, confidentially, "this isn't her pie."

Have Your Fortune Told Free.
From cradle to grave—past, present and future correctly treated and success assured in love and business. Mysteries revealed. My horoscopes are wonderful diviners; send date of birth and stamp, and I will send you, entirely free, a horoscope of your life, or if you send 10c. I will also send a description of the person you should love, and other valuable information. Please send *birth-date* at once. Prof. C. P. Astro, Box 3698, Philadelphia, Pa.

In the Course of Time.

I'm going to be a millionaire;
My money, I shall hoard it.
I'll be a great reformer then,
Because I can afford it.

His In-come.

"What is your husband's income now?" inquired her mother.

"Well," replied the long-suffering wife, "it's usually anywhere between 1 and 4 o'clock in the morning."

Comprehensive Signs.

The London Pall Mall Gazette, in an amusing article entitled "Old Sign-boards," reproduces some inscriptions which still make their plea for patronage. A study of some of them suggests the origin of the New England "general store" and the modern American department store of the large cities.

In Falmouth the writer of the article saw the following inscription on a sign:

TEMPERANCE HOTTEL.

Ellen Tone sells, here,
Lemonade and Gingur Beer.
Cow heels and tripe every friday,
Sekond hand cloes to make ee tidy;
Crox and kittles, pans, an all,
And Godly Bukes to save yer sole;
Man-traps, gins, and pattens likewise.
And on Saturday nights Hot Mutton Pies.

At the same place another, equally comprehensive and gratuitously libelous, ran thus:

JEREMIAH NUTE.

Dealer in Cod Liver Oil and Treacle, Turkey Rhubarb, Tarts and Mustard, Saws, Hammers, Winnowing Machines, Clogs, Wheelbarrows, Frying-pans and
other Moosical Hinstruments.

Men they have many faults,
But woman has but two;
Nothing's right that they say
And nothing's right they do.

From a village in Gloucestershire he unearths another of the same nature:

Johnny Overy lives here, teaches music by steam; egg merchant, and parish clerk, pig killer and bellman. J. O. sells red herrings and raisins, parasols and pistols, barm and sand, fiddle strings and flour, tripe, dubbing, and all kinds of hardware but treacle.

Did as Well.

Her Beau—Tis said Kipling gets fifty cents a word.

Her Brother—Me, too. Mabel gave me that to say "No" when you asked if she was in yesterday, didn't you, sis?

Not to Be Endured.

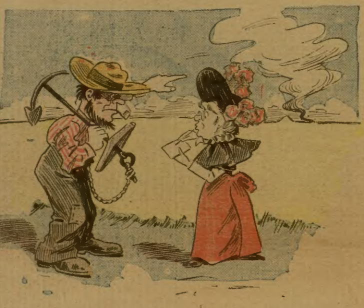
"Deah boy, is it true that you have discharged your valet?"

"Ya-as, the scoundrel. When I took him out with me he managed to make people think he was the mastah and I was the man, baw Jove!"

Too Late to Kick.

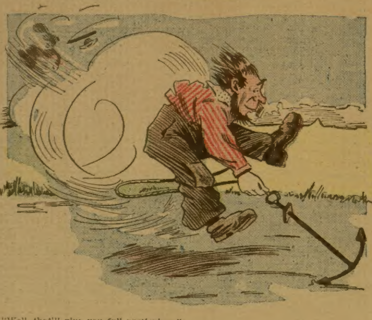
It is told of a western Kansas man elected justice of the peace that at his first marriage ceremony he became so badly rattled that after he had pronounced the couple husband and wife he remembered one phrase that he had forgotten and said: "Does any one know of any reason why this couple should not wed? If they do, it's too late now."

PATENT APPLIED FOR.



Miss Ruyter Lotte—I am gathering material for my new book. Will you please tell me why you carry an anchor out here on the plains?

Native—Why, certainly; do you see that thing a-comin'?



"Well, that'll give you full particulars."

Defined.

"Bliggins is so economical that he carries his own coal from the sidewalk," said one neighbor.

"That isn't economy," answered the other; "that is distrust of his fellowman."

It All Depends.

"After all," remarked the old bachelor, "there is no place like home."

"Right you are," rejoined the bald-headed man who had loved and won, "and there are times when I am glad of it."

Sidewalk Vendor.

Rodrick—You say he has faced burning shells. What battle was he in?

Van Albert—None; he is a chestnut roaster.

A Wonderful Escape.

One of the most remarkable instances of the escape of a white man from the Indians was that of John Colter, a famous hunter and trapper. On the day in question he and his companion were surrounded by six hundred savage warriors. The companion was instantly killed and Colter was captured. His foes had no intention of saving his life, however; they wanted the sport of putting him to the torture, or at least of playing with him as a cat plays with a mouse. The chief asked him if he could run. He said, "Not much."

He was released and told to save his life if he could.

Colter darted away at high speed, and most of the six hundred savages set off after him. There was a plain before him six miles wide, bounded on the far side by a river fringed with trees. Colter had always been famous as a runner, and his practice now stood him in good stead. He made straight across the plain for the stream, and the yells of his pursuers lent him wings. His foes had removed every shred of clothing from his body, and the plain was covered with prickly pears, so that his unprotected feet were lacerated at every stride.

Half-way across the plain he glanced back and saw that only a few Indians were following him. Again he ran on, and soon realized that one of his pursuers was nearing him. He redoubled his efforts, and blood gushed from his nostrils and flowed down over his breasat.

The fringe of trees was near, but a hasty backward look showed him the pursuing brave close upon him with spear raised. Moved by a sudden impulse, Colter stopped, turned and faced the savage with outstretched arms.

The Indian was so taken aback at this unexpected movement that he stumbled and fell. This was Colter's opportunity. He ran back, seized the spear, and pinning his antagonist to the ground, ran on.

Other savages came on, fiercer than before at the death of their comrade; but Colter reached the trees, plunged into their midst, and then into the river, and swam to a pile of driftwood that had lodged. He dived beneath it and stuck his head up between two logs covered with smaller timbers and brush.

The Indians came up and searched for several hours, but failed to find him. Again and again they walked over the driftwood. Luckily they did not fire it, as he feared they would. At last they went away. Then Colter swam out and fled through the forest.

Seven days he went on, living on roots and berries, with no clothing, until at last he reached a trading post on the Bighorn River. He never fully recovered from the effects of this terrible experience.

Desdemona's Feet.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, and in an anecdote recently related by Clara Morris, the feet which took that step are very conspicuous. It was when Tommaso Salvini was in this country. The play of the evening was "Othello," and the scene of Desdemona's death had been reached.

Already the raging Moor had slain his innocent victim, and disturbed by Emilia's knock, had let fall the curtains before the couch on which the body lay. The draperies provided, although rich and heavy, did not come to the floor. They missed it by a space of at least a foot, and this the deceased Desdemona unfortunately failed to observe.

The audience, which had been held tense and breathless under the tragic spell of the great actor, suddenly uttered a curious, long-drawn breath of amazement, followed by a bobbing of many heads, a universal craning of necks, and then, to poor Salvini's bewilderment and dismay, by a burst of downright laughter. He could perceive nothing amiss, and there was nothing for him to do but to ignore the laughter and proceed with the scene. But no wonder the people laughed.

The murdered Desdemona had risen and was evidently sitting on the side of the couch, for beneath the curtains her dangling feet were plainly seen, kicking cheerfully back and forth. Such utterly unconscious feet they were that the audience might not have laughed again had they kept still; but all at once they began a heel-and-toe step, and people rocked back and forth trying to suppress their merriment. And then swiftly the toe of the right foot went to the back of the left ankle and scratched vigorously.

Restraint was ended; every one let go and laughed and laughed. From the box one could see in the entrance the outspread fingers, the hoisted shoulders, the despairingly shaken heads of the Italian actors, who could find no cause for the uproar.

Salvini behaved perfectly in that, distrubed and distressed, he showed no sign of anger, but maintained his dignity through it all, even when, in drawing the curtains and disclosing Desdemona dead once more, the incomprehensible laughter again broke out.

How It May Be Done.

"Do you think that it is really possible to support a family on $10 a week?" said a woman with a worried look in her eye.

"Certainly," answered the business-like friend, "the experiment may be made quite remunerative if one only has the knack of writing magazine articles about it."

Mr. Sparrow—It's horrible to think of a bird's feathers in a woman's hat!

Mrs. Sparrow—Why, yes; but it's flattering.

AND JOLLITY

A Squirrel Afloat.

That gray squirrels are fast and long-distance swimmers was proven one day last fall to the entire satisfaction of a ferryman at Middle Haddam, Connecticut.

He heard two gray squirrels scolding on a tree near the bank of the river. Suddenly a fierce fight began, which was terminated by the larger squirrel leaping from the tree into the river.

The ferryman saw the dive taken, and watched for the squirrel's reappearance with great interest. The squirrel instead of striking out for the near-by shore, started for the opposite side. A strong current was running, and although the waves ran high, the little animal breasted them like a veteran. The man followed in his boat. When the middle of the river was reached and he had gained on the squirrel he quickened his stroke, but the squirrel forged ahead, and gained the shore fifteen or twenty feet ahead of his would-be captor.

Her Accomplice.

"Who is that young woman playing the violin solo?" asked the young man who had gone, somewhat against his will, to an afternoon tea.

"Miss Brown, the eldest daughter of our hostess."

"And who is her accomplice at the piano?"

Not Concerned.

"Why don't you try to hand an honored name down to posterity?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "Maybe I don't look far enough ahead. So long as my signature is honored at the bank I can't see that my credit with posterity makes much difference."

True Happiness.

Mrs. Nextdoor—I suppose your daughter is happily married?

Mrs. Naggsby—Indeed, she is. Why, her husband is actually afraid to open his mouth in her presence.

What Could She Do?

Daughter—He said he'd die if I refused him.

Father—Let him die, then.

Daughter—Why, papa, don't you know that he's insured in your company?

EARN A WATCH
Any Boy or Girl can earn one of these handsome and reliable Watches in one day by selling 19 packages of Bluing; 10c. each. 24 washings to a package. Easy to sell because it is the strongest and best made. No money in Advance. We send you the goods; you sell them and remit us $1.90 and we will send the beautiful watch prepaid. Your choice of 100 premiums. Write us today.
WISEMAN BLUING CO.,
1127 Vine St., Burlington, Iowa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Special Price Only.... 10c.
PITTSBURGH EGG SEPARATOR
It separates the white of the egg from the yolk without breaking the yolk. Necessary in all cooking where eggs are used. No kitchen complete without one. Price only 10c. for sample.
Agents Wanted. | W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, - Pittsburgh, Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

GET BIG MAIL. Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers' supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cts. with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing. Address
AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, Indiana, Indiana County, Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3000 to $8000 PER YEAR Positively Made
Introducing our JUST PATENTED FIRE EXTINGUISHER: G. S. Fox, Cin'ti, made $690 in one week; others $75 to $325 a week; Mr. Willis sold $1,475 worth in ten minutes governments, railroads, traction companies order 200 to 600, factories, villages, hotels 25 to 100; 8 to 10 easily sold to farmers, private homes, etc. Demand is tremendous, as insurance companies are now requiring firms to install this protection; greatest enthusiasm and enormous sales follow every test; have 600 times the extinguishing power of water and kill fire instantly on which water has no effect, such as gasoline, oils, etc. Greatest protection known for women and children; equal to 1500 gallons of water right on the spot; absolutely automatic; fully guaranteed; no one can afford to be without them, from the largest corporations down to the smallest house-owner and farmer, for they reduce insurance rates; they almost sell themselves; what is paid in insurance for one year will furnish fire protection for 20; we co-operate with agents and offer a grand opportunity to secure a fortune; write today for EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY, free plan, offer, catalogue and photographs of enthusiastic testimonials from $100,000,000.00 corporations. THE EAGLE TOOL CO. B 391 Cincinnati, O.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Simple Directions.

"Do you have much trouble directing your cooks?"

"Oh, no! The depot is only one block down to the left."

Wherein the Danger Lay.

"Have you any objections to my taking your daughter to the theater, sir?"

"No; not so long as you don't let her select the play."

Honest Mistake.

The story is told of a little New England girl the workings of whose Puritan conscience involved her in difficulties on one occasion.

She was studying mental arithmetic at school, and took no pleasure in it. One day she told her mother with much depression of spirit that she had "failed again in mental arithmetic," and on being asked what problem had proved her undoing, she sorrowfully mentioned the request for the addition of "nine and four."

"And didn't you know the answer, dear?" asked her mother.

"Yes'm," said the little maid, "but you know we are to write the answers on our slates, and before I thought I made four marks and counted up, 'ten, 'leven, twelve, thirteen,' and then, of course, I knew that wasn't mental, so I wrote twelve for the answer, to be fair."

Asked and Answered.

"What?" asked the youth from Ludlow, "is the great secret of success?"

"The great secret of success," replied the Norwood philosopher, "is to find something you can't do—then don't do it."

Smart Cats.

Wallace—We have a cat that tries to play the piano.

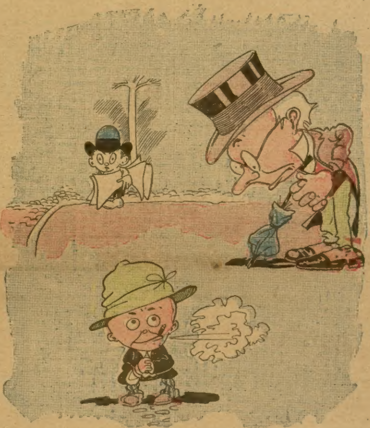
Ferry—Huh! You ought to hear ours try to sing.

Patience—She had a birthday party with a cake and candles.

Patrice—And did she tell her true age?

Patience—No; neither did the candles.

WHAT HE GETS.



Old Gentleman—Does mamma give you anything for being a good boy?
Dickey—No; she gives it to me when I ain't.

A Little Love Story.

A dreamer and a man of action loved a woman.

The dreamer said: "I shall write verses in her praise; they will touch her vanity, and she will love me for them."

But the man of action said: "How old-fashioned! I shall corner the stock market, and that will bring her."

So the dreamer wrote verses, and he induced a friend of his who ran a ten-cent magazine to print them. And the man of action cornered something or other and became a billionaire.

In the meantime, the girl married a man who inherited his money, and they lived happily ever after.

But the dreamer was so proud of his verses that he didn't care; and the man of action was so busy that he didn't care.

The only one to suffer was the man she married.

The Dreams of Avarice.

What is, good sir, the dream of wealth
  Which dazzles now your soul;
Is it a million dollars or
  A simple ton of coal?

Matter of Orthography.

Wiggs—There goes Owen's fiancee. They say she is worth half a million.

Waggs—After the tie-up I suppose she'll be his finance.

Distant Relative.

Jack—You don't mean to say that pretty girl we just passed is your sister.

Tom—Yes; I'm her brother by refusal.

Safely Hived.

Were I a honey bee today,
  Mine were a pleasure deep;
All winter long they'd keep away
  And kindly let me sleep.

Almost An Escape.

So far as is known only one of the Boer prisoners sent to Bermuda has succeeded in regaining his liberty, but several of them have so far evaded the vigilance of the guards in the prison camps as to escape to the main island. In their attempts the Boers prove themselves to be exceedingly ingenious as is illustrated by a story from Pearson's Magazine:

One man under cover of darkness made a number of breathing-holes in a big packing case which with its cover knocked off, was lying on the beach. The following morning during the bathing hour he succeeded in launching this bottom side up, and managed unobserved to get his head under it.

He had taken the precaution to knot a piece of cord through two of the breathing-holes in what had been the bottom, but as it floated was the top of the box. Holding to this with one hand, he swam along with the receding tide so slowly and naturally that to the guards the packing-case appeared to be drifting at random on the waves.

It so happened, however, that the envious eyes of a sailor on one of the British gunboats fell upon this box as it drifted past, and wood for "scrimshaws" being scarce, he obtained permission from an officer to drag it abroad. One can imagine his surprise when he turned it over.

FREE Comfort Cough Tablets cure a cough in one day. Sell 12 Boxes at 10 cents a box; send us the money and we will mail you these TWO PRESENTS, Solid Gold Lain Ring with Turquoise centre, surrounded by brilliants and Lady's Neck Chain 4 ft. long. No money wanted till tablets are sold. We take back all not sold. Address, Comfort Medicine Co., Providence, R. I.
When Writing Mention Chicago Sat. Blade.

TWO RINGS FREE! These two Solid Gold laid RINGS, one set with a Rare Diamond, the other a chased band ring. Both given Free to anyone who sells 12 of our Jeweled set Scarf Pins at 10c. each and sends us the money. Send only your full name and address to GILWORTH COMPANY, 40 Main St., Attleboro, Mass.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BIG money making mirrors at home. Particulars for stamp. J. L. BANDY, Dept. 19, Parsons, Kan.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home. Partic. for stamp. MacMasters, D 36, Decatur, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$22 A WEEK and all expenses for men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Straight salary. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 3 PARSONS, KANS.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE PAY $26 a week and expenses for men with rigs to introduce poultry mixture. Year's contract. DEFIANCE MFG. CO., Dept. 31, Parsons, Kan.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

YOU CAN MAKE for an outlay of $2.00 5 times that amount. Samples and full particulars sent on receipt of 15c. stamps. Address NEWELL & AMES, Comstock, Texas.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$20 WEEKLY straight salary and expenses paid to advertise and introduce our Poultry Compound in the country; rig necessary; inclose stamp. Dept. 55, Royal Co-Op. Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STARK TREES best by Test—78 YEARS. We PAY CASH Weekly WANT MORE SALESMEN Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MONEY MADE QUICKLY. Send stamp for sealed information. I. J. Co., 247 W. 125th St., N. Y. City.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality. Act under orders; no experience necessary. For full particulars write American Detective Ass'n Indianapolis, Ind.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED in every county in the state to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 26 Bar St., Canton, O.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$20 A WEEK Straight salary and expenses to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Mixture in country; year's contract; weekly pay. Address, with stamp, Monarch Mfg. Co., Box 1173, Springfield, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

TWO RINGS FREE! Sell 20 Mineral Lamp Wicks at 5 cents each; no Trimming, Smoke or Smell. We Trust You 30 days; when sold send money and we send 2 Rings or choice from big list premiums. MINERAL WICK CO., Providence, R. I.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS... IF THIS AD CATCHES THE EYE of a live, ambitious party that desires to earn a handsome income, write us for our MONEY-MAKING PROPOSITION, selling STEREOSCOPIC goods; our agents are positively making from $5 to $15 daily above expenses. Address GRIFFITH & GRIFFITH, 610 Abel Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 831, Detroit, Mich.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED. Either Sex. No canvassing. No soliciting. No time from your regular occupation. No one will know you are my representative. No capital, outfit or experience needed. Easy, permanent, honorable and profitable work that can be done at home. Address J. W. KIDD, Key 7008 Ft. Wayne, Ind
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME. We want a man of character and energy, with some knowledge of live stock, and a good team, to take charge of the Standard Stock Food business in each community. A permanent, profitable agency; can be handled with some other business. Address, giving age, experience, present business, etc., THE F. E. SANBORN COMPANY, Omaha, Neb.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED A CHANCE TO MAKE BIG MONEY By taking orders for men's suits and pants Cut and Made to Measure by Union Workmen. Suits from $8.00 up, pants from $2.75 up. Write at once for large outfit and terms to live agents. WARRINGTON WOOLEN & WORSTED MILLS, Dept. A, Chicago
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain. ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 57 Chicago
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

MADE $105 THE FIRST MONTH writes FRED. BLODGETT, of N. Y. J. L. BARRICK, of La., writes: "Am making $3.00 to $8.00 every day I work." MRS. L. M. ANDERSON, of Iowa, writes: "I made $3.80 to $6.50 a day." Hundreds doing likewise. So can you. $5.00 to $10.00 daily made plating jewelry, tableware, bicycles, metal goods with gold, silver, nickel, etc. Enormous demand. We teach you FREE. Write—offer free. G. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, A Miami Bldg., Cincinnati, O.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger,

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger,

THE LADY WITH THE SWORD

A STORY OF THE GREAT RED REIGN.

By W. R. EYSTER, Author of "Hilt to Hilt," "The Mills of the Gods," Etc

(Copyright, 1903, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 4, Jan. 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT FELL TO THE HARD PAVE OF PARIS.

Small blame to the two that they had fled, disastrous as the move now appeared. The time had surely come for them to retreat if they still had hopes of living through the night. Whether they could hold their own against the mob for a season now made no difference. When the fire came closer and brought panic there would be worse than frenzy. The upward wave would kill though it broke around them; whilst there was enough of the rabble to choke the stairway and bar all exit for those who should wheel in the face of the fire and flame. So the two had felt when they turned; and now that Villencourt was down, Marion remembered it all, and never hesitated.

Indeed, she acted so swiftly that her first forward spring was scarcely stayed. Bending down, she caught up the prone figure, and with her breast to his, and his face over her shoulder, darted into the little vestibule, crashing shut behind them the oaken door. As it closed, with one free hand she managed to shoot the heavy bolt.

In the darkness she stood panting, for a few seconds, still holding Villencourt, whilst she recovered breath and mind.

That he still lived—that, indeed, he was not altogether devoid of consciousness—was made sure by his low, labored breathing, and by some slight movements in her arms.

"There is but one hope for us now," she thought. "Surrender is out of the question. It is too late to make terms. I must carry him to the roof. From that to the next house is a drop long and dangerous, but it must be tried. If made with safety to life and limb, and he has not recovered, I still carry him, going downward. Can I but slip him away unseen, I think, once a square passed, the worst danger will be over and I can promise a place of refuge with a surgeon for his hurts. The marchioness would receive us for the night. There are ties of blood between us, though I would not count on them in any less emergency."

She turned to the ladder-like way, and as she turned heard the crash of the human wave striking against the door. Before the trap in the roof had been reached sturdy blows began to ring. How long the barrier, stout though it was, would stand as a check was hardly a question.

"Ah, those men with hammers will have it down in no time," she thought. "The fire will cut away beneath our feet if I stay to defend the scuttle, to say nothing of the fact that when I show my back to them again they will leave me time nor chance to lower him, or pick a landing place for myself."

Go forward she must, and as she stepped out upon the roof the splintering door was flung inward before stroke and rush, the muffled roar changing to a clearly heard scream for blood.

Villencourt was far enough from recovery, but he was gasping more vigorously. His weight was beginning to tell, yet she only shifted the burden so as to rest it more easily upon her shoulder, and staggered across the low pitched roof toward the parapet. Her plan was to lower the body so far as her arm would reach, palm clasping palm. Then, to consign it to whatever fate might befall. She herself would follow an instant later.

Leaning over, she looked downward.

The drop did not seem as great as she had feared—a dozen, perhaps fifteen, feet.

But—what was that below?

Half a dozen men on guard. Half a dozen soldiers in uniform. Half a dozen bayonets turned upward, ready to impale. So, at least, it seemed, and warning to that effect was shouted at her out of the semi-darkness of the shadowed roof.

Here was dreadful balk to her plans. Willing she might have been to take the risk for herself, but how could she send Villencourt, helpless, down to his doom?

Without his orders she dared not. Perhaps, in a moment more, he would revive—enough, at least, to give counsel. She would lay him down, turn and defend the door of the trap. Surely, she could keep back the rabble for a few minutes. Then, when the alarm of fire and heat and smoke fairly reached them the wolves would be thinking of something else. Why, it would be a godsend for her—the very danger which would drive them mad.

Too late! Sword in hand, at least one man was springing through the trap, out upon the roof.

"Yield!" he cried, "farther resistance is folly, and there is but barely time, so we get back now, to escape the fire by the second stairway, at the farther end of the corridor below."

The man was Captain Eugene Bristolet. She recognized him, and flaming with wrath, she faced him.

"Villain! This, then, is more of thy work. A holocaust below, with murder and death up here. Have at thee! It is thy turn now."

Below flames dashed out of the windows and flared upward. The cry of the mob no longer came so clearly through the trap. It was rolling along through the corridor as the bewildered brutes sought the stairway at the other end. The Captain had started them on that tack, though they might soon come surging back if they found the fire there, also, to check their way.

For that, no difference. In the present there was time for a merry conflict on the roof; so, Bristolet and Marie de Longueve crossed swords and were at work.

The Captain did not see the recumbent figure over by the parapet—if he had seen he would not have cared. He was thinking chiefly of the woman before him. If he had dared he might perhaps have given a backward glance to see if the men he believed in had followed. If they came not he must either kill or be killed; and he had no preference for the latter.

For the result, so things went on to the bitter end, he had little fear; he believed in himself. He was even stronger in guard than Lisle had been, more active than DuChesne at his best. If there was a man in all the Thirteen his superiors it might be Villencourt; and even to him it was not certain he would have to bow.

Yet willingly, even now, would he have made truce.

"Fool! You have been playing with boys who underestimated your force, and hesitated to slay. No such folly for me. Know that with the sword I outclassed them all. Waste time here and the fire will devour thee alive even though I spare. Be wise, then. I have orders for thy arrest, but for the time I can forget them; and I swear that I will, so I can lead thee out of this death-trap—from which, unaided, thou hast no chance whatever to escape. What sayest? A truce?"

"Never! Thou art Twelve. In another moment my work will be almost done. Foul traitor, look to thyself. I mean to strike, quick and certain."

"Traitor to the Thirteen, perhaps; but never false to thee. So it will do good and expedite the work, know, before proceeding to the killing that I would have saved thee—nay, have saved thee. Others were all for assassination, but I and one other stood out for thy rights. I did it not so much because I cared for those same rights, as because I cared for thee. Loved, if thou wilt listen to the word. After such frank avowal, force me to kill thee if such is thy pleasure; but guess what haunting sorrow will ever be mine. Think twice before striking once."

He spoke in low, compressed tones. Hardly would it have been possible to put into them more of the accent of truth, even though they were more than half a lie.

"You love!" she exclaimed, with much of fire and more of scorn. "Those same assassins met me, and were slain. I tell thee thy turn is now and here. For the last time, guard!"

The swords, which all this time had been lazily striking, the one against the other, clashed more merrily. The Captain had made his last play for grace, and now settled himself heart and soul to the work in hand.

In truth, it was a more even game than he cared to face, though after the first minute had passed it seemed to him he in some slight measure was holding the advantage.

Around and around each other they raged. Thrusting here, striking there, swift blows, swift parries, parades of almost fatal strength, defenses worthy of being written in a book, circle by circle, without knowing whither they tended, they came to the edge of the roof, where the smoke drifted around, and the leaping fingers of flame almost clutched them.

Was the woman waxing weaker? To Bristolet it seemed so; and fiercely he plied her with every stroke known to the fencer's art. It had come to him with smoke and flame that there were but a few more moments for this to go on, and the survivor to have chance for much longer life.

Marie guarded laxly; but she guarded. Surely, in a little she would leave opening such as he could not miss. He had seen Gaston of Lisle disarm her. Ah, there, at last! Passade and point came together as she retreated a step, her guard dropping dangerously low.

Up came a broader sheet of flame, and with it a roar from below. A maniac crowd watched the combat from the street. Would his point never go home? He felt the parry which was weak—but enough; and then sprung back to avoid the swift return. Sprung back upon—nothingness. He had forgotten the edge of the roof; and the street below.

Marie gave a cry as she saw him go, and, dropping her sword, clapped both hands to her ears. It was horrible, horrible. She could kill him for vengeance sake, but not that way. Turning, she saw Villencourt upon his feet, staring wildly around him.

That brought to remembrance that there was another life at stake besides her own. She ran to him. What she said were hard to tell, but he was stronger already. Bristolet was forgotten, and they looked over the parapet together.

The roof below was vacant now. Alarmed by the fire which had gushed from the topmost windows of the Hotel Pepin, the soldiers had taken flight. If they, too, dared the drop the way was open for them now. A word or two explained the situation.

Without answer Villencourt caught the woman, lowered her over the escarpment, holding her by the one hand until he had stretched his full reach. Then, he let go.

She dropped lightly and gracefully. Her gymnastic training stood her in good stead, and without harm or shock she leaped aside. He tossed down the swords and followed without delay.

How they sought the lower story, and from thence made their way to a third house, it is needless at full length to relate. A cloak and the garments of a woman, picked up along the route, furnished disguise sufficient for the moment, and the miracle of the retreat was safely performed.

"Make no mistakes," he said, a little later, when they had reached present safety. "There will be danger for us two hereafter in all Paris, but I think I know a haven of refuge, to which I might send thee, so thou wilt accept the service."

"Not so, my friend. I have a cousin, the Marchioness of Mille Heareaux, who will take me in, and as she has shoulders broad enough for water on both of them, her house will not be troubled—for a time at least. Give me word of thee, however, since the rest of my work had best be done quickly. Enough have I had of Paris, and I fain would leave it."

"In God's name, go!"

"When my work is finished—and I trust much in thee to bring it off. Find me the last man of them all—he who stood at the farther end of the table, but whose name I have as yet been unable to discover. Force him to the fight at an early moment, on such conditions as he may choose to make. After that, I go my way, dear friend, and will trouble thee no more."

"He shall be found," answered Villencourt, between his clenched teeth. After that they had little to say until he left her at the door of the Marchioness of whom she had spoken. For the rest of the night they slept but little, not thinking much of the fight in the future, nor of the dangers around them, but more of the body of Bristolet, splashed on the stony street of Paris.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LETTERS OF DE VILLENCOURT.

"I have found the president of the Thirteen. He has received thy challenge; which he accepts—on conditions. There are certain rules of the order with regard to the conduct of the duello, with which he thinks he must comply. One of them is, that to these duels, when fought in regular form, the members shall come masked, and without revelation of name to other than the seconds. This he insists on, though giving me word I cannot doubt, that no jugglery is intended.

"The other condition is perhaps the harder, though it hath something of reason in it. And, remember, I can give thee assurance that the dealing is with an honest man, and not such as Bristolet. As he stands on the roll the last survivor, he will come on the field unattended. Thou must do the same. He leaves it to me, however, if it be best, in thy judgment, to select some skillful surgeon, worthy of trust, to be within hearing, and who may be called on to render such services as may be needed when the fray is over. If these conditions suit thee, let me know. Then, I will bring, or send word, as to the time and place of meeting. Loyally, Villencourt."

So he wrote, sitting alone in the clubroom of the Thirteen with a heart which was heavy.

In his own mind he had no doubt what answer Marie would give. Had she not perfect confidence in him? The meeting would take place.

And then? And then? And then?

For him it would be suicide. Whatever might come he could not kill her; nor did he dare explain. As for disarming, he had seen that tried, and knew what the effort meant. Gaston, Duke of Lisle, had succeeded; yet, Gaston, Duke of Lisle, had all the same been run through by this woman of steel. Come what might, it was war to the death.

No danger was there of her disarming him. Her play was not of that kind.

Should he even drop his sword it would never stop the game longer than to give time for him to recover it.

How if in an emergency he allowed his face to be revealed? Ah, well, that might even save his miserable life, but certain as fate it would lose her. That was the hardest thought of all in this wretched business. To himself he had already confessed

$3.75 A FINE WATCH & CHAIN $3.75

You run no risk, just send this to us and write if you want a Ladies' or Gents' Watch and we will send you by express for examination an elegant engraved double hunting case watch equal in appearance to A GENUINE $50 GOLD WATCH fitted with a stem wind and stem set high-grade accurate ruby jeweled movement, which is GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS With 50-inch "gold" largonette chain for ladies or vest chain for gents. You examine them at your express office and if found as represented, pay $3.75 and express charges and they are yours. RELIABLE WATCH CO. Dept. 330 CHICAGO

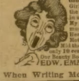
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MOTHERS Enuresine cures Bed-wetting. Sample free. Dr. F. E. May, Box 212, - Bloomington, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RUPTURE SURE CURE at home book free Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 11, Watertown, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



BECAUSE SHE MADE THEM GOO-GOO EYES

Good Bye, Dolly Gray; Blue and the Gray; The Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee; Turkey in the Straw; Honey Suckle and the Bee; A Bird in a Gilded Cage; Coon, Coon, Coon; I'd Leave My Happy Home for You. Full size sheet music of My Oriental Queen; I'd Like to Hear That Song Again; Break the News to Mother; When the Birds Go North Again; 'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia, and other hits, only 10 cents silver or stamps, or 25c for 3 copies. Our Beauty Book Free with this offer. Address plainly EDW. EMMET & CO., Dept. C, Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH

The Great Secret Writing System

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ONLY A FEW DAYS

It takes only a few days to get our 128-page catalog of the celebrated SPLIT HICKORY VEHICLES and Harness which we sell direct at factory prices. You should send for it by all means before buying. It is full of buggy and harness surprises. This SPLIT HICKORY WINNER $40 On 30 Days' Free Trial. Write at once. Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co. Station 124 Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Grand Canyon of Arizona

A book about it. Send 50 cents in coin or stamps to W. J. Black, Gen. Pass. Agent, A. T. & S. F. R'y, 1312 Great Northern Building, Chicago, for copy of notable new book entitled "Grand Canyon of Arizona," graphically describing world's greatest scenic wonder.

Contains special articles by Hamlin Garland, Chas. Dudley Warner, Joaquin Miller, John L. Stoddard, Major J. W. Powell, and other noted writers; 124 pages with map and cover in colors and many beautiful half-tone illustrations. Worthy a place in any library.

This titan of chasms may easily be visited any day in the year in connection with California trip over the Santa Fe.

On the Santa Fe

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE To introduce WOMAN'S WORLD in your home we make you a present appreciated by every lady. WOMAN'S WORLD has a circulation of 800,000 and is the best high-class illustrated magazine ever published at a popular price. Send only ten cents, our special rate for a six months' trial subscription, and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD for six months, and you will get FREE by return mail TEN beautiful designs and patterns—the centerpiece, photo frame, 3 large doilies and napkin ring—216 square inches of fine linen stamped with the latest designs as illustrated below; also the fine Battenberg handkerchief, collar, tie-end, etc., shown above—all different—all ready to work—216 square inches more—and all ABSOLUTELY FREE—IN ALL 432 SQUARE INCHES. Address: WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 32, Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WE WILL SAVE YOU FROM $10 TO $45 on almost any kind or style of machine.

Sold direct from factory saving all salesmen's expenses and dealers or agents exhorbitant profits. Our machines have modern features not possessed by any others. Ball-Bearing Stand; finest attachments FREE. Latest design woodwork, the stylish swell front, polished oak. Guaranteed to be better than machines sold for twice the price. SHIPPED ON APPROVAL anywhere in U. S. Guaranteed 20 years.

ARLINGTON GEM $25.00 Regular 5 drawer Drop Head Including all attachments. $11.25

ARLINGTON QUEEN Flat Tension and Needle Bar Take-up, same as New Home, Domestic and White. $35.00 Regular 5 Drawer Drop with fine Marquetry Decorations, $14.75 $45.00 Beautiful 1 Door Desk Cabinet $16.45.

ARLINGTON Highest arm made, Disc Tension, Independent take-up, same as Singer, Wheeler & Wilson and Standard. $55.00 Regular 5 Drawer Drop Head $17.75 $65.00 Automatic Lift, Drop Cabinet $19.75 $75.00 Beautiful 2 Door Desk Cabinet $25.75

Write for our Catalogue, 64 pages beautifully illustrated. Contains all points about buying Sewing Machines right—FREE. CASH BUYERS' UNION, Dept. B. 28 CHICAGO.

Swell Front
Easy Running
Ball-Bearing

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

that without her he cared not to live; and for all the prospects he had to ever win and wear her, he might as well die and be done with it. Looking down the lonely table, still laid for thirteen, more than ever was it easy to realize that he was the end.

The hour for opening the lodge was at hand. Calmly he arose to make to vacant chairs such address as that which he had given so short a season ago, the night when Marie de Longueve came, and Chartreuse was slain.

When the moment came he gave again the signal for serving, and once more arose with brimming goblet upheld, whilst in steady, melodious voice he chanted the song of the order.

This time, however, there was none to join in the chorus, which he carried through by himself:

"Yet drain the beaker to the brim,
Nor sod still lieth green;
It now for us shows upturned graves.
We number not thirteen."

As he closed he looked up, almost expecting to see Marie coming through the door to challenge them all.

She came not in person, indeed, but the room was full of her presence. Feeling it more and more, he again began to write.

Again was it a letter to Marie de Longueve, but this time he made no provision for prompt delivery. On the contrary, he inscribed first of all, on what would be the outside, in bold letters:

"For Mademoiselle de Longueve. Not to be given to her until after my death."

The body of the letter was harder to write. There would be that in it which would more or less harrow her soul, and at the best could not help but be a plaint. Yet, once his fingers at the work, they kept on flying. In substance, this is what they said:

"Sweetheart: Before this reaches thee—perhaps long enough—the last secret of the Thirteen will be thine. If ever, on that account, any internal upbraiding shall vex thee, crush it out, I pray. Should regrets come—and since thou art a woman, come they may—strangle them. Pardon my great presumption since now I am dead, and let me tell thee that between us a bond was forming more than camaraderic. Into what it might have blossomed, and soon to ripeness, had there not been a grave between us, fate alone can tell; and it must ever remain silent. But I have dreamed. I would that I could see some way out, by which thine oath might be held sacred, yet the curse lifted. Search as I may I can find none. There is nothing left but to go on to the bitter end. Since once I fairly knew thee, what that end must be I have never doubted. As thou art peerless among women for face and figure, and soul with its courage of the hero and truth of the holy writ, so among those who carry the sword thou art without a peer, knowing every thrust and each parry, every wile or bold parade, and with the strength to use them all. Gaston came the highest to scoring, but that was not thy fault. I saw the movement of Bristolet that spoiled thy guard. Believe me, I was watching him, for I doubted them both. Well, love—may I call thee love this once? We came together like springtime and roses, never needing to speak so long as there were eyes which each could read. I go out into the darkness with the greatest cheer, knowing that one day thou wilt follow and find me. Only one regret have I. Thou art of the sex, therefore thou wilt be sure to raise the mask when I am gone, and I fear for the shock. Nevertheless, hearken to this voice from the grave. I have naught to pardon; and I love thee still. Could my lips only once have touched thine all would be well with me. And to think, that may, must, never, in this world, happen. Perhaps I have not read aright? Ah, yes; there is the shadow of a regret. Thou hast never said in words, and I must pass beyond without hearing it. Believe me, one word, one kiss, perhaps, and all would be well with me. Neither can be mine, yet upon my soul I can think that when this is in thy hand thou wilt yearn to give them, and so thinking I am almost happy. Farewell, then, since we meet but once more. I shall do my devoir as best I know how, and being strong of wrist and skillful in fence, that means much. If thou fallest, be sure I will not survive thee. Once more farewell. Thine own lover, Villencourt '

This was the rambling letter he wrote, scarce knowing but he would tear it when done, yet unwilling to leave life without some words of comfort and a few of love for the woman who was not for him, though his all in all.

Afterward he sat thinking in his chair until the morning sun climbed in at the window.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I AM THIRTEEN."

What Marie wrote is too sacred to repeat. The revelation of the inner depths of a woman's heart are holy. Enough that she, too, having received the first-given letter of her friend, thought through the night, putting down in writing certain things which gave answer to the faint doubts he was even then evolving. Frankly and fairly she told him all, and then, making question whether such woman as she, with arms dipped to the elbows in blood, could hold his heart, she sent him her best, farewell love.

Of course, there was no thought that she might draw back. Wearing again the mannish garb, she came quietly to the field, half suspecting treachery, but meaning herself to be true.

Her antagonist was waiting for her. Through the eyelet holes of his mask he surveyed her calmly. Gravely he doffed his hat. There was nothing in his appearance whereby she might recognize him, yet there did seem something strangely familiar in the motion of the man as he took position facing her and the sun. Perhaps it was instinct. It may be that in some undefined way she knew Villencourt was near. This man simply threw aside his coat and tightened his vest—she could not help but note how royally he was made.

All that, however, was forgotten when the swords crossed. This was the goal she had aimed for; the end dreamed of. Now it had come, no hasty, careless play of hers should mar the work hitherto so marvelously well done. She fenced with her life in her hand; at the first, as usual, trying to read between the lines, and learn what force might be against her.

Clearly, it was the force of a master. Could she have known such a thing as fear she would have felt it then, even before a single pass had been made. Though she might slay him she would ever feel that he should have conquered. With no haste, no display of brutal force, no exhibition of keen fence, he simply held her sword with his as never it had been held before.

It was delightful danger. No risk—even of the slightest—could be safe. A slip, however short, was death. She summoned up all her force and courage, and fenced with the precision of the school.

What was he after? Why was his attack delayed? He must know she was tireless. Was he thinking of her at all—with that far-away look in his eyes, which she could not help but see, though his face was hidden, save for the staring eyelet holes.

Ah, it seemed as though, when her mind wandered, he simply recalled her to herself. That was a touch such as a generous maitre might give to warn a student. Yet, how could she think solely of the business in hand? If he would only wound her, only draw a trifle of blood, then she might wake up.

So her thoughts for the first time in her life ran away from her and she set her white teeth and clenched the handle of her sword with a more loving grip, seeking again for that enthusiasm which but this once was lacking. She drove herself to it, knowing that willing work was half the battle. These Parisians, she thought, had never really seen her extended. Actually they knew nothing of the marvelous sword play of which she was capable She had been hiding much to make sure the final coup; now, there was no longer need for concealment. This one man, in the last moment of his life, should see. He was worthy of the exhibition, since, beyond a doubt, he was the best of them all.

So she flew at him; not to kill, but to blind, to stagger, to confuse. Her blade glittered before him, broad as a fan of light, solid as the shield of steel it was.

Out of the scintillating halo there shot out swiftly a fang, which struck lightly here and here and here. Button after button, from top to bottom of his vest did she touch; and then she sprung back laughing.

A bitter laugh, perhaps, but it was a laugh.

After that a cold wave swept over her. He had parried coolly when he saw a stroke, though for the most part she was too quick for him. Half a dozen times he recognized that death had launched for him when it was too late to stop it; never had he flinched. He was a great man. He knew her force to a fraction; and, knowing it, must know she was doing murder.

By heavens, she could not slay him.

And even thinking thus, her sword went out with the instinct of a fencer's arm behind it; and the parry in tierce was a shade too late. Her point went home.

Without a sob or a moan he fell backwards from her blade, coming to the ground, not heavily, but as one who went down to stay.

It had come at last. The vengeance she had prayed to take was utter. The work of the vendetta was complete.

The wild joy of revenge satisfied failed her. He had fought such a good fight; and now he was dying. Twice she turned around, looking for that surgeon whom Villencourt had said would be near—she looked for Villencourt himself. Neither was to be seen. Then came the cry, forced from lips unwilling:

"Help, help! He is dying!"

Help would not come, and yonder was the mask she had thought it would be triumph to raise, even from the cold cheeks of a corpse. She must do it now, even though the triumph was barred and very bitter.

She bent over.

There was no groan, no reproach, but the closed eyes suddenly opened and stared her in the face with—my God! What sort of a look was that? Away with mask! What was behind it?

Villencourt!

She glared down at him as though she had seen a Gorgon.

"Thou!"

Everything went into that one word. He was not too weak to smile The thing was wan and weak; but it was a smile.

"Yes; I was Thirteen. Have no—regrets—I—I—loved—thee.'

That was all. That was too much. The bubbling blood frothed at wound and mouth; the nerved muscles relaxed; the face grey grayer; the limbs settled out straight and rigid.

Yet, before they were altogether still, before the face could set forever, there was still brief time for one more short smile as she threw herself upon his breast, with:

"Oh, my darling, I have slain—and I loved thee!"

Man and woman propose—there is a divinity at the ends which says its say and works its will. So, it happened that the surgeon whom Villencourt had provided on the slender chance that such provision

(Continued on page fifteen.)

ONLY A DOLLAR

AND IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE

Your doctor will tell you that the best medicine you can have in the house is pure whiskey, for he prescribes it every day. If you have weak lungs, poor digestion, nervousness, a bad cough, a cold, chills, la grippe or any one of dozens of similar ailments, you cannot use a better remedy than pure whiskey. If you have thin blood, if your system is run down or if you are up in years, pure whiskey is a healthful, invigorating and life-giving stimulant, better by far than anything else you can take. Your doctor will tell you so If you meet with an accident or have a severe pain or fainting spell, pure whiskey will at once relieve and revive you. Your doctor may be miles away or it may take him quite a while to reach you, so that a little pure whiskey may save your life. It's the best medicine you can have in the house. But you must have good whiskey, pure whiskey; for poor whiskey, adulterated whiskey, will do you harm. It's almost impossible to get pure whiskey from a dealer, for he wants to make a great big profit, and so waters it and adulterates it with poisonous drugs. It's the saloon whiskey, the bar-room poison, that you should shun. That's why we don't trust our pure whiskey with a saloon-keeper or dealer. We want you to get absolutely pure whiskey and at the same time save the dealers' enormous profits. That's why we sell to consumers only, direct from our distillery to you.

HAYNER WHISKEY is Nature's medicine. It is distilled from the best grain and the purest water, the two essentials for making good whiskey. It contains no drugs, no poison, no adulteration of any kind. It is absolutely pure. It carries a UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER'S GUARANTEE of Purity and Age. UNCLE SAM says it's all right. It is used to-day in over a million homes as a healthful stimulant and medicine. You can't buy it in any bar-room or saloon or from any dealer. You must get it direct from us. We thus safeguard you and save you money. Now, we want you to try HAYNER'S WHISKEY and so make you this

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

If you will mention this paper and send us $1.00 we will ship you in a plain, sealed box, with no marks or brands of any kind to show what's inside, One Full Quart Bottle of Hayner's Pure Seven-Year-Old Rye Whiskey, and we will pay the express charges. When the whiskey reaches your home, try it, sample it thoroughly. Then if you don't find it all right, just as we claim, perfectly satisfactory in every way and better than you ever had before or can buy from anybody else for even $2.00 a quart, ship it back to us at our expense and we will promptly refund your dollar. Isn't that fair? We stand all the expense if you don't want to keep the whiskey. You risk nothing. We ship one quart on your first or trial order only. All subsequent orders must be for at least 4 quarts at 80 cents a quart, express paid by us The packing and express charges are almost as much on one quart as on four, and even at $1.00 for one quart, express prepaid, we lose money, but we want you to try it. We know that if you only do once try it, you will never buy from anybody else. We are willing to lose money just to get you to try it. Send your order TO-DAY to our nearest office, for this offer will never be repeated. You run absolutely no risk, for we have a capital of $500,000.00 paid in full, have been in business for over 37 years and do exactly as we say. Ask your postmaster about us, or your bank, any express company, mercantile agency or any other business concern in this country. They will tell you that we are all right and do just as we s

Trial Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be **1 Quart** for **$1.25** by **Express Prepaid.** Subsequent orders on the basis of **4 Quarts** for **$4.00** by **Express Prepaid** or **20 Quarts** for **$16.00** by **Freight Prepaid**

Don't Fail to Mention this Paper

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

St. Louis, Mo. Dayton, O. St. Paul, Minn. Atlanta, Ga.

DISTILLERY, TROY, O., ESTABLISHED 1866.

SPECIAL NOTE

A HAYNER quart bottle is a full quart, an honest quart of 32 ounces, 4 to the gallon. It takes 5 of the ordinary, so-called "quart" bottles to make a gallon. We give you one-fourth more in every bottle, reducing our price just that much. Think of it! 32 ounces of pure whiskey for $1.00. One ounce is a big dose or drink, and it costs you only 3 cents. Don't pay exorbitant prices for saloon drugs or bar-room poison when you can get pure HAYNER WHISKEY at only $1.00 a quart or $3.20 for 4 quarts, express charges paid by us. Send us your order at once.

CAUTION

We are the only distillers in the world who sell direct to consumers, though we have many imitators who call themselves distillers. They don't distill a drop of whiskey. For proof, see Government Reports. They are simply dealers, and, of course sell watered and adulterated stuff. Beware of our imitators.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Boys, This Rifle Given Free.

Simply send us your name, not one cent of money. We will send you 10 copies of Cheerful Moments, the best Illustrated Monthly published. Distribute them among your friends and they will gladly give you 25 cents for a year's subscription after they have seen the pretty pictures and read the interesting stories.

Send us the $2.50 collected and the same day your letter is received we will forward this handsome rifle by express securely packed. This is not a toy air rifle, but a genuine steel, blue barrel hunting rifle, that is strong and accurate, carries a 22-Cal., Long or Short Cartridge, and is just the thing for Rabbits, Squirrels and other small game.

Send us your name and address and we will send you the 10 sample copies, Subscription Blanks, etc., so that you can get up the club at . Boys, get this Rifle with only a few moments' work. Address

CHEERFUL MOMENTS, DESK Q. Temple Court, New York City.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Boys and Girls Corner

Into the Jaws of Death;

Or,

Around the World on a $50,000 Wager.

(Copyright, 1903, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 4, Jan. 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

A PRETTY MAIDEN'S DIRE FATE.

When George Hardy sought a villainous man to hinder Tom Elliott from accomplishing the great task, he figured that the best ground for action would be in the distant wilds of China, so it was only natural that he should select a man entirely familiar with the Chinese customs and language.

"Chinese" Dave, a man who for years had engaged in the business of smuggling Chinese emigrants and opium into the United States, and who was reputed to be a desperate charcter when occasion warranted, was intrusted with the villainous purpose of keeping Tom from winning the wager.

"Choose your own method, Dave" said George Hardy. "The pay will be the same; only there must be no bungling attempts that will react on me."

"Suppose Navarre's pretty daughter does not come back," suggested Chinese Dave with a wicked smile.

"Well, say $500 for that," returned Hardy. "I need this money devilish bad, or I would pay you better. To tell the truth, the $50,000 I wagered is money I'm holding out from my business deals with my brother. My obligations are heavy and it will take all I get out of the wager to square me. You see how essential it is that Tom Elliott fails to appear the first day of next June."

"You needn't fear," Chinese Dave had promised him at their last meeting. "Five hundred dollars is more money than I ever had, and Tom Elliott will not come back alive."

When the Roanoke landed at Hongkong and Tom Elliott was officially reported as drowned at sea by falling overboard, Chinese Dave felt that he had earned the $5,000, and he then set about to make plans to secure the $500 promised if pretty Ella Navarre did not return with her father. But the wily villain was determined to make more than $500 out of this devilish design, and began to make acquaintances among the Chinese.

Here his ready use of the language and knowledge of their habits helped him greatly; besides, he was known to certain immigration agents as the man who engineered the unlawful smuggling practiced in America, so he was soon introduced into the secret meetings of Highbinders and Boxers.

Chinese Dave studied the saffron-hued countenances of his friends until he had selected the ones on whom he thought he could depend, then he gathered them in a secret council to attain his end.

"As you know," he said. "I came over here on private business for a Chicago silk merchant, but that is all attended to, and now I have a matter to propose that will interest you.

"On the boat in which I came over was one of the prettiest American girls that ever lived. She is about seventeen years old has blue eyes and pretty red cheeks. Now, don't you think she would make a fine wife for some mandarin or wealthy [illegible]

The Chinese conspirators were immediately excited by his proposal and jabbered away so rapidly to each other that Dave could hardly understand what they said.

"Now, I was thinking," resumed Dave, "that Moy Soong, the big opium merchant in Tii-ling, would pay a handsome sum for such a bride, and in addition, we might get better prices from him when we purchased opium."

"Vellee fline," asserted one of the Chinese. "He pay sleven, mebby tlen thousand taels for pretty Melican gal. Where is Melican gal?"

"She and her father are stopping at a hotel while the boat is exchanging cargoes. We must watch our chance when her father is out and steal her, and then bring her here. After the excitement dies down we will take her to Moy Soong. If he won't pay enough for her we will sell her to some one else."

The details of the conspiracy having been completed, Chinese Dave took up quarters in the same hotel, so he could watch Ella Navarre and her father. On the day the Roanoke was to return he saw Mr. Navarre and little Pug leave the hotel together, and immediately he sent word to his fellow-conspirators. One of them came to the hotel at once and to him Dave gave the following note:

"Ella: I slipped and fell on the street a few moments ago. It may not be serious, but I wish you would come to me.

"Your Father."

Little did Chinese Dave know that Mr Navarre was at that moment conversing with Tom Elliott. How quickly would he have abandoned his devilish designs on Ella and devoted his energies to get Tom into his power instead had he known. But secure in the thought that Tom was dead, he was now engineering the most cruel of deeds to ruin pretty Ella Navarre.

The note was delivered by the man whom Dave had summoned, and poor Ella was almost distracted by the news it contained.

"Oh, poor papa!" she cried. "What an awful misfortune! Where is he?"

"Melican man at house down Sebee Way. Pretty gal, clum 'long; me show her."

Ella hastened after the man and was soon lost in the maze of narrow, crooked lanes. Presently her guide stopped before an imposing structure and knocked on the door. It was opened and they passed from an interior court into a large room.

"Where is papa?" cried Ella, a slight fear that all was not right beginning to dawn upon her.

"Me see," said the guide, and he hastened from the room, and as the door closed she heard the rattle of bolts that were sufficiently ominous to confirm her fears

"Trapped!" she cried, despairingly, sinking upon a couch near at hand.

"Trapped by that scoundrel who followed us from Chicago. Oh, why didn't I stop to think ere placing myself in his power! Just a moment's thought would have been sufficient to tell me to beware, but, alas, it is too late! What fate is in store for me now with that wicked, designing villain to deal with. But I'll never submit to his purpose! Never! I'll die first, and I'll scratch his ugly eyes out the first time he comes near me!"

"You will, will you?" said a voice behind her, and, turning, she beheld the evil face of Chinese Dave lighted up with a cruel smile.

In her agitation she had not heard the door open, and had not noticed the silent entrance of the arch-conspirator and his Chinese accomplices

"Well, my prize beauty," continued Dave, "I will take particular care not to come in close contact with your claws."

"Release me, sir. Release me, instantly," she demanded with the imperious command of offended beauty and innocence.

Chinese Dave only smiled, while his confederate looked on silently, understanding the conversation only by the tones of the speakers.

"If you do not release me at once my father will have the entire Chinese Empire on your [illegible]!"

"The Chinese Empire will not bother much about your disappearance. They have trouble enough of more consequence at hand. You had best hold your tongue, as this abduction is my revenge for your threat to have me arrested for throwing Tom Eliott from the Roanoke. I do not care to have you return to the United States and make that accusation."

"Then you are going to kill me!" cried Ella, her face blanching with the horror of the situation.

"Oh, no; dead girls are a bother. Live girls, and especially when they are pretty, accomplished Americans, are worth money" smiled Chinese Dave.

"Then you are going to—" began Ella and her voice faltered as she realized his wicked design.

"You have it," cried Dave, encouragingly.

"Sell me into slavery," finished the terrified girl.

"Well, hardly slavery," corrected the villain. "My friends and I have picked out a very rich opium manufacturer and merchant whom we think would be just immensely pleased to have such a pretty young wife."

"Oh, God! Not that! not that!" cried the girl, flinging herself upon her knees before Chinese Dave. "In pity, kill me now," she wailed, stretching out her arms widely as if inviting the blow.

But the villain only laughed, and saying something in Chinese, the conspirators started to file out of the room.

"One word of warning, Miss Navarre," said Dave. "There is absolutely no use of your fretting, fuming or storming. There is no chance whatever of your escaping. Your fate is settled completely and absolutely. Your father will hunt for you; the American minister will assist him, but their efforts will be futile. You are in the hands of a secret clique of Highbinders and there is no course for you but suicide or the fate we have determined. You will be treated with the greatest courtesy and respect by us. The merchant to whom you are to be sold is rich and is one of the many Mohammedan converts in China. He has a harem if half a dozen wives, so your lot is not so gloomy as you may chance to picture it. So dry your tears and accept your fate with resignation."

But the only sound that greeted his ears as he closed the door was the wail of the broken-hearted girl who was condemned to a fate worse than death.

She thought of Tom Elliott already speeding on his way through Asia, and wondered what effect it would have on her position if she was to tell Chinese Dave that Tom Elliott was alive.

A few moments' reflection convinced her that it was best to keep him in ignorance of that fact. If she told him he would not release her, but would leave her to the evil

$10 dresses you complete in latest style

We are the originators of the plan of dressing a lady or gentleman complete from head to foot for less than half the price ordinarily charged by others. We operate one of the largest tailoring departments in the country, and in order to gain new friends and customers, make this remarkable offer.

We have deposited a bond for $10,000 with Chicago Loan & Trust Co., agreeing to do exactly as we advertise. We refer you to them or to any bank in Chicago.

Note Carefully, then send for Free Samples, measurement blanks, etc.

For $10 we send a complete lady's outfit as follows:

1 genuine pure wool or wool mixed latest style tailor-made Eton suit (strictly to measure).
1 very neat satin-finish petticoat.
1 entirely new pattern shirt waist.
1 beautiful latest style hat.
1 pair strong, serviceable shoes.
1 pair genuine lisle-thread stockings.
1 latest style seal-grain leather belt.
1 beautiful 1903 pattern silk tie.
1 genuine Irish linen lace handk'h'f.
Every article good honest value.

For $10 we send a complete man's outfit as follows:

1 latest style, pure wool or cheviot, tailor-made suit (strictly to measure).
1 Derby, Fedora or Panama style hat.
1 pair latest style satin calf shoes.
1 pair Lisle-finish hose.
1 suit underwear, heavy or light weight.
1 latest style percale shirt.
2 collars. 2 cuffs to match.
1 silk bow, teck or four-in hand tie.
1 gold-plated scarf pin.
1 pocket handkerchief.
1 pr. fancy suspenders.

You need not pay till you receive the goods and find them exactly as represented.

SENT C. O. D. with privilege of examination

We are a co-operative association and divide our dividends with our members. Anyone may belong—costs you nothing. Send for our "Proposition," also send for catalogues of Ladies' Wear and Men's Wear. We issue ten different catalogues. Address Tailoring Department

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE MERCANTILE ASSOCIATION,
271 to 281 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALS ALL

The Sick Healed, the Dying Brought Back to Life, the Weak and Infirm Strengthened, the Lowly Lifted Up, the Crippled and Deformed Made Straight, all without medicine or the Cruel Surgeon's Knife through the Noble Healing Power controlled by S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B. of Chicago. Read and Think. Write and be Healed. Millions already cured.

NO INCURABLE DISEASES.

A power like unto the days when the Savior administered to the sick and diseased of the earth has seemingly been revived in this 20th Century by the Christian Science Healing Power invested in S. A. Jefferson, a sublime and immortal soul, who lives an unselfish and noble life, with no other thought save to do good to mankind—to heal the sick and the dying, to make the blind see and the deaf hear, the hault and the lame to throw away crutch and cane. Millions have been cured by this strange power whom doctors could do nothing for, who had been cruelly operated on without success, who took medicine for years and years unavailingly. Just when it seemed they must die they wrote S. A. Jefferson and behold! they were soon well again, and no medicine had been given and no operation performed. So it is fair to suppose that every sick and ailing person, no matter how far away from the Healer they live, no matter what unscrupulous doctors and meddling friends tell them, will write S. A. Jefferson at once and ask that the Master Power be exerted in their own behalf. It costs you nothing to make this request and you will bless the day that you did so, for no matter how bad off you now are you cannot say you tried your best to be cured until you have written this noble soul. Write for yourself or any sick person you know of and it won't be long before you are again entirely well, regardless of how sick you think you are; and to make sure of this you have only to read what others say who were healed through S. A. Jefferson.

WHAT S. A. JEFFERSON SAYS:

Let the sick and the diseased of this world know that through me they can find health, happiness and long life in abundance. I recognize no such condition as an incurable disease, for it is nowhere said in the Good Book that sickness is natural to the flesh. It is an unnatural Monster that He is always glad to rout. Through the grace and goodness of God every known disease is quickly and lastingly healed. I will heal anyone who writes me, be it man, woman or child, infant or aged, but slightly sick or seriously diseased. They have only to place themselves in my care and be of good hope, and, with the aid of Him who is Father of us all, they will be healed.

My cures are complete and permanent, effected without the aid of medicine or the cruel surgeon's knife. Christian Science healing has nearly 2,000,000 cures to its credit, and it is adding thousands more every day. Let nothing and no one influence you against me. This healing penetrates all the world, every nook and corner of it. You can be cured just as completely in your own home, even if it is thousands of miles away, as if you came to me in person.

You may have tried doctor after doctor unsuccessfully, but do not let that keep you from trying me, for I am not a "doctor," but the possessor of a far greater and better power. If a doctor tells you an operation will have to be performed, don't let it be done until you write me. No case is too serious to be healed through me. Chronic maladies have been healed that baffled the doctors for years. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not, whether you are in the city or thousands of miles away from me. And, my dear friend, let no meddling person interfere with your intention to write me at once, and if you know of anyone else who needs my help, tell them to write to me, or you write for them, and soon you will all be healed.

(Signed) S. A. JEFFERSON.

WHAT THEY SAY OF S. A. JEFFERSON:

Suffered for Twenty Years.

Dear Friend:—I desire to express my gratitude to God and you for the benefits I received, and I wish I could tell everybody how I feel, after undergoing what I have with doctors and medicines for more than eleven years, some of my diseases being of more than twenty years standing. You said if I would place my case in your hands I never would regret it, and bless God I never will.—MRS. C. F. CATON, Middlecreek, Sevier Co., Tenn.

In Behalf of Her Daughter.

My little daughter (Maud) suffered three months with whooping cough, measles, bronchial pneumonia, and pleurisy in both sides. I tried two doctors and they performed an operation, but it did no good. She had fever all the time until I wrote to you to treat her. She went to bed and never walked a step until you began your treatment. Three days after you began to treat her she could walk around by holding to something and the fifth day she could walk without any assistance. I hope this letter will cause some suffering person to come unto you and be healed.—MRS. W. T. NESBITT, Marshall, Tex.

Rheumatism, Heart Trouble, Stammering and the Tobacco Habit.

Dear Healer:—I feel well now, and I am very happy and thankful for the great good you have done me in so short a time. I feel like a new man.—PETRUS E. JOHANSON, Santaquin, Utah.

"God's Blessings on You."

Dear Friend:—You cured me of bleeding piles and a numb foot. I have no numbness now and am feeling quite comfortable. I hope and pray you will be blessed for what you have done for me.—CATHERINE B. [illegible], Osterville, Mass.

Owes All to Christian Science and S. A. Jefferson.

I desire to express my gratitude to God and to you for the great benefit you have done for me. I feel so thankful to you, for I have been a sufferer for fifteen years with indigestion, constipation and heart, kidney and bladder troubles. I had ulcers on the womb and was afraid of losing my mind and was very nervous. I also took opium as my only relief. One short month ago I had lost all hope, but thanks to you and Christian Science I am altogether a new woman to-day.—MRS. E. F. GRAHAM, Eldorado, Ark.

Supposed to be Incurable.

S. A. Jefferson, Dear Healer Friend:—I am so overjoyed with what you have done for me that I cannot find words to explain how thankful I am to you. You have healed me of what I had believed an incurable disease. I had been under treatment of good physicians for two years and was no better and had lost all hope and when I wrote to you I had but very little faith, but thought I would try and SEE, and so I did, and in only about two months I found myself entirely well and free from all disease. I needed no medicine, it was a miracle indeed to me.—MRS. ALICE JOHNSON, Ethel, Ark.

Healed of Protruding Piles.

Dear Friend:—My husband is all healed and completely cured of his protruding piles. I am certain he would not be well except for what you did for him; and any time we need help against the claims of disease we will call on you. The more any one says against the science the stronger is my belief. They don't seem to know that they are talking against the good God and the God that is good.—ELLA MABRIE, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Healed of Kidney Trouble.

S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B.:—I am glad to think that I am cured of my kidney trouble. I have not felt better for a couple of years than I do now.—GUST NYQUIST, Princeton, Mich.

Healed of a Very Bad Cough.

Dear Friend:—I can not thank you enough for the good done to my son by you through Christian Science. He had a very bad cough and could not eat much of anything. He kept on getting weaker and weaker until you began treating him. One week's treatment cured him. He is now well and at work.—E. HOLMBERG, Wayne, Kans.

"I Hope Every Sufferer Will Be Healed."

Kind Friend.—I must write to say to you, God bless your Christian Science and its great work. I feel like a new person and can walk a mile. I wish you to advertise this so that all people may know the joy and health of this life through the great power of God and Christian Science. May God's blessing rest with you now and forever is my prayer.—E. E. DAPPEN, Santa Anna, Texas.

Catarrh and Female Weakness.

Dear Friend.—I am so thankful to you for my health, and I want you to realize that I feel very grateful to you for the good you have done me. Now that I am healed I can mention it to my friends. May God bless you in your good work.—JENNIE E. McDONALD, Medway, Maine.

Malarial Fever, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sick Headache and Kidney Trouble.

S. A. Jefferson:—I am thankful to say that I feel all right again. I [illegible] will keep his eyes over us always, and keep us in the future as well as he has in the past. And I am very thankful to you for the good you have done for [illegible]. You may use my name in any way you may wish.—A. MARY KOELMEE, Lexington, Mo.

S. A. Jefferson will impart this noble science to others. There are many good and noble men and women on this earth whose natural destiny is the mission of healing others and bringing into their lives the sunshine that He has made for us all. If you feel this impulse to do good, if you feel that this heritage has descended on you and that it needs but development to bring it out in all its god-like glory, I invite you to write to me. I am imparting the science of healing to those who would like to master it, whether for the purpose of keeping themselves, their families and their neighbors in health and cheerfulness, or whether to practice it as a profession and thereby share the power that he has given you with all the afflicted of the earth; as I am doing. Do not think of taking up this science with the expectation of reaping a fortune; God's work is not all for gain. But if you feel your heart telling you that your mission is to heal and you can content yourself with an income more than sufficient and yet not enormous—but if, above all, you feel this deep impulse of healing and you can take up the work with all your heart and spirit—then write to me and I will tell you how to make a profession of it and how to practice it after you have learned the science.

I repeat, I want every man and woman who is suffering to write me. I do not care what the ailment is or of how long standing. There are no incurable diseases. I do not care where you live [illegible] Chicago. In Christian Science healing distance is no obstacle to a cure. Whoever you are, wherever you are, write me. I will show you the true way to health. For a two-cent stamp, enclosed in your letter, I will send you "A Message of Health and Healing," a treatise prepared by me for public distribution. It is not necessary for you to belong to a Christian Science Church to be cured through me; it is not necessary for you to believe in Christian Science to have this book sent to your address, if you write at once.

Address:

S. A. JEFFERSON, C. S. B., SUITE 626,
112 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

designs of the Chinese, while he hurried to overtake and kill Tom. But if Tom went on and succeeded in reaching home then he could come back with her father and assist in capturing Chinese Dave and avenge her cruel wrongs.

Ella lay upon the couch a prey to the most dismal forebodings. A servant brought her food and at first she turned away from it, too sick at heart to think of eating. But later came the thought that strength was necessary if she hoped to combat the wicked purpose of her captors, so she forced herself to eat the rice and drink the tea set before her.

Late in the night she heard a noise at the door and starting from a troubled slumber she beheld one of the Chinese conspirators standing there with a lighted torch.

Instantly she was alarmed at the sight of this midnight prowler. She remembered Chinese Dave had promised she would be courteously treated by her captors, but in spite of that here was one of them all alone stealthily slipping into her prison room.

"Pretty Melican gal clum 'long with me," was the insinuating invitation of the smiling Chinaman, but Ella backed into a corner of the room in her effort to evade him, as he continued to approach.

"No harm pretty gal," he continued, still advancing.

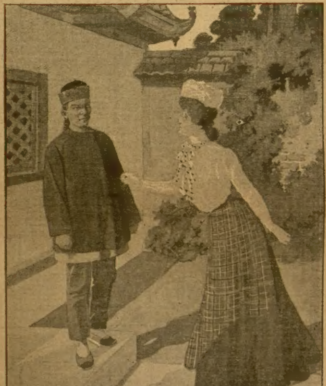
But Ella was not convinced by his soft tone, and answered, "No, I'll stay here."

Instantly his manner changed. Sticking the torch into a receptacle he bounded quickly to her side and one sinewy hand clutched both of hers while he stuffed a silken cloth into her mouth. In another moment her hands were bound, and, catching up the struggling girl in his arms, he hurried from the room.

CHAPTER XII.

PUG AS A DETECTIVE.

When Mr. Navarre and Pug returned from seeing Tom started on his journey they were astonished to find Ella missing. Inquiry developed the fact that she had gone out early in the afternoon with a messenger who had called for her.



"Where is papa?" cried Ella.

"I told you," asserted Pug, vehemently. "I told you that villain wasn't through yet. He's got the girl. Say, dis is jest like a play, only it's more 'citing, 'cause I'm mixed in it."

Mr. Navarre was frantic with grief and terror at the fate which might be in store for the helpless girl. He rushed away to the American Consulate and as quickly as possible the Chinese officials were informed of the abduction, and a demand was made that she be found forthwith. This demand was immediately met with the bland assurance that the missing girl would be restored on the morrow at the farthest.

Mr. Navarre was practically helpless. Unable to speak or understand the language, he could do nothing but wait, and he so informed Pug when he returned to the hotel.

"I am going to telegraph for Tom to come back and help hunt for her," he said. "Tom is following the line of the new railroad towards Upper Burmah and he can't be over fifty miles out. Hang the wager! I'd lose every cent I had rather than Ella should come to harm, and Tom's help will be considerable in this detestable land."

"Say, youse kin count on me, too," said Pug. "I know dese Chinks some, I guess. Didn't I ust sleep in Lee Soy's washeehouse on Clark Street? Well, I guess."

"Do you understand Chinese, Pug?" eagerly asked Mr. Navarre.

"I savvy der gab some," replied Pug; "but not like Chinese Dave. Say, dere's a bad duck. He ust to come to Lee Soy's often. He's bad, he is."

Mr. Navarre went to the Consulate to arrange for telegraphing to Tom, and meanwhile Pug amused himself by exploring the dark streets.

"Yes; dis is jes' like a play, only dere ain't no detective. But dere is got to be one, 'cause when dere is a villain dere has to be one. I'm in de play, but I ain't nuthin' t' do, so I guess I'll be de detective, at least till one shows up. Lord! What a round-up dere's comin' off in de last act!"

He heard sounds indicating the approach of pedestrians, and crept close to the wall so they could pass by without noticing him.

They were talking in Chinese, but some of the words were familiar to the boy, though not enough for him to know the trend of the conversation.

"Don't know what it's about, but if I was in Lee Soy's hop joint I'd be purty sure Chink Dave was about," thought the boy, peering after the two figures in the darkness.

"Nuttin' doin' dat I knows of, so I'll jest trot 'long behin' dose ducks."

Farther down the street a light from a passing torch lighted up the vicinity sufficiently for the boy to see the faces of the two men.

"Well, hully gee!" he ejaculated. "Dat is Chink Dave as sure as dis is me, an' me old fren' is up to badness way over here millions uv miles from Chicago. I'd bet a whole lot he's de chap what chucked Tom over inter de water, an' I'd bet he had somethin' t' do wid de girl's stealin'."

Farther on down the street Chinese Dave and his companion entered a house and the newsboy was left alone in the darkness and gloom.

"Now, here's where I need a pal," he thought. "If I leave here de feller may go 'way an' me not know it. An' mebby I couldn't fin' my way back, anyhow."

After trying in vain to get into the house he sat down upon the doorstep, intent on watching for the return of Chinese Dave.

Stone steps had formed the bed of little Pug far too often for him to notice how hard they were, and as he was weary, he soon fell asleep; the sun was shining when he awoke next morning.

"Well, Dave didn't come out while I was asleep, or he'd stepped on me," thought the lad, as he rubbed his eyes.

An hour later the object of his vigil came forth accompanied by a couple of Chinamen, and together they walked down the narrow street.

When they disappeared into a house Pug was successful in finding the portal unlocked and he boldly entered the court and looked about. Perceiving another door he advanced and entered, and was immediately seized by a guard who had been observing him since his entrance within the court.

There was no exchange of words, simply a brief struggle which ended in the intrepid youngster being hurled into an adjoining room and the door locked after him.

Instantly he heard a pandemonium of Chinese jargon, mixed with curses, which emanated from a room adjoining his prison.

High above all others he could hear the voice of Chinese Dave alternately cursing in Chinese and English.

Evidently something was amiss and the daring adventurer was anxious to know what it was all about.

There was a door between the two rooms and the bolts were on Pug's side, so he cautiously drew them and pried the door open a few inches.

He looked into a handsomely furnished room, in which were several Chinamen, together with Chinese Dave.

After listening several minutes, Pug was able to understand that a girl had been imprisoned in that room the evening previous and some time during the night she had escaped.

Furthermore, it was considered impossible for her to escape without help, and as one of the original crowd was absent the guilt was placed on him.

"Heap plitty gal; him likee much; him makee her wife, allee samee," asserted one of the Chinamen.

"No," said another, "Gee Moy from Lingtu; him banished; takee plitty Melican gal to Mandarin, get to stay home allee samee.

This **44 Pc. TEA SET FREE**

To every lady who takes orders for 10 cans of our Baking Powder, etc., (on our Plan No. 79) giving free to each purchaser a beautiful Gold and Floral Decorated China Fruit or Berry Set, 7 pieces, we give this 44-pc. handsomely decorated Tea Set, full size for table use, free. No money required in advance. Simply send your name & address & we will send you our plans, order blank, etc. We will allow you time to deliver the Baking Powder, & collect the money before paying us. You run no risk, as we pay the freight, & will trust you with the Baking Powder & Dishes, etc. We also give away 112-Piece Dinner Sets, Dress Skirts, Couches, Furniture, Rugs, Tables, etc. Address

KING MFG. CO., 656 King Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

NO MARKS ON PACKAGE TO INDICATE CONTENTS

FREE WHISKEY

FOR MEDICINE THE REASON WE SAY IT'S FOR MEDICINE IS BECAUSE IT'S PURE

DIRECT FROM A UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.

Send us your order for four full quarts of ten-year-old Rye for **$3.15, express prepaid,** and we will send you, **free of charge,** two sample bottles—one twelve, one fifteen-year-old—Rye, a corkscrew and a gold-tipped whiskey glass. We make this offer simply to get you to try the goods. **We also have this same brand eight years old, which we will dispose of at $2.50 per gallon,** in lots of two or more gallons at one shipment. We also give sample bottles, glass and corkscrew with these goods. All our goods are put up in full quart bottles, and sent express prepaid. If goods are not satisfactory, return them at our expense and we will **refund your money.** It is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. These goods are shipped direct from the Distilling Co., which guarantees their purity and saves middleman's profit. We are the only Registered Distillers in America selling to consumers direct the entire product of "Our Registered Distillery;" others who claim to are only dealers buying and selling. **REFERENCES,** any Express Co.

NOTE.—Orders from Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., Fla., must call for twenty quarts prepaid.

KELLERSTRASS DISTILLING CO.,

ADDRESS EITHER OFFICE. 820 Kellerstrass Block, KANSAS CITY, MO. Warehouse 820, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The above firm are sole owners of Registered Distillery No. 22 of the Sixth District of Missouri. When writing them please mention CHICAGO LEDGER

8 Ever Blooming ROSES FREE

TO get you interested we will send you **absolutely free,** all charges prepaid, the following eight roses: They are not cheap, common roses; they are the choicest and most famous varieties. They are healthy, well-rooted plants; well packed, and we guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition; accompanying each lot of plants there are full directions for planting, care, etc.

CLIMBING METEOR—It has been called perpetual blooming, climbing, General Jacqueminot. It is a free, persistent bloomer, and will make a growth of from 10 to 15 feet in a season; in bloom all the time. Its flowers, deep, rich red and are much larger than Meteor and are richer in color. It is just the rose to train up the veranda or around windows.

THE BRIDE—The largest white ever-blooming rose grown. The color is a delicate creamy white, very full flowers, measuring from 3½ to 4 inches in diameter.

DUCHESS DE BRABANT—This rose combines exquisite perfume, beautiful coloring and a matchless profusion of flowers and foliage. Soft, light rose, with heavy shading of amber and salmon.

BRIDESMAID—The bud is of exquisite shape and contour, so solid and firm, and stems are so long and stiff that no other rose will compare with it in keeping qualities after being cut. It is a bright pink, and is the same color all the time, under every condition of the weather and surroundings.

CLOTHILDE SOUPERT—It is a strong, vigorous grower. The flowers are large, double and beautiful in form, borne in sprays, and the color blends from a soft-shell pink to a pure satiny white.

THE UNIQUE ROSE, MME. FRANCESKA KRUGER—The striking color of this handsome rose places it at once in the front as a bud producer in the open air. In its shading of deep, coppery yellow it stands unique and distinct from all others. The flower, when open, is of good size and very symmetrical. One of the finest roses to plant in masses and clumps.

SAFRANO—Bright apricot-yellow, changing to orange and fawn, sometimes tinted with rose; valued highly for its beautiful buds; fragrant and a rampant grower.

MARIE VAN HOUTTE—Pale yellow, edge of petals often lined with rose, well formed, of good habit, and in every respect a most charming sort. The finest Tea Rose for outdoor culture.

All we ask of you is that you secure a club of three yearly subscribers for WOMAN'S WORLD at our special combined club rate of 50 cents for three yearly subscriptions. Send the names and addresses of the three subscribers and enclose 50 cents, and we will have shipped you at any time you desire the set of eight beautiful roses as described above, carefully packed, all charges prepaid, free. The regular club subscription rate for WOMAN'S WORLD is 25 cents, but we are making a special combined rate of 50 cents for three subscribers on this offer. We are making this extraordinary offer to introduce WOMAN'S WORLD, which is the best high-class magazine ever published at a popular price.

Remember, you can secure for us as many subscribers as you can, and for each club of three we send you free **another set of 8 beautiful roses,** as described above, all charges paid. Begin your work at once. When sending your clubs, state when you want to plant, and we will have the roses sent at that time. Copies of WOMAN'S WORLD sent you on request. Address.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. M, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing **The CHICAGO LEDGER** are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The annual subscription to the **Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER** is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive **FREE** a **KING CAMERA** with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Silver Paper, Trays, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the **CAMERA FREE** and prepay charges on it.

Remember you get **The LEDGER** for a year for $1.00. This is 52 weeks. **THE CAMERA IS FREE.** This is a magnificent offer, allowing you to get all the fine Continued Stories. The offer is good for 30 days from date of this paper.

The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other periodical devoted to fiction and humor goes to the expense of using color work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

New Life to Weak Men.

Old Men Made Young Again — Weak Men Find Old-Time Strength and Power of Youth.

TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE

To the men who have tried every known remedy to revive their waning power or lost manhood, and have given up in despair, the following message comes as a

"No Man is Lost — There is a Sure Cure for Every Weak Man." — Dr. Robinson.

most blessed promise. This new discovery restores all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness, resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele or emaciation of parts. It gives the warmth, strength and development just where it is needed, and cures at once all the ills and troubles that come of years of misuse of the functions, for it has been an absolute success in all cases. A simple request to the State Medical Institute, 2463 Elektron Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., will bring you one of these free trial packages, in a plain wrapper, without any marks to identify its contents or where it comes from. The Institute has had so many inquiries from men who are unable to leave home or their business to be treated, that it has perfected this splendid home treatment and sends it in free trial packages to all parts of the world to show just how easy and simple it is to be cured at home of any sexual weakness when this marvelous new sexual discovery is employed. The Institute makes no restrictions and any man who writes will receive by mail a free trial of this wonderful remedy absolutely free. Those who write need have no fear of any publicity, as the State Medical Institute is an old established Institution, incorporated by the State for 50 years.

CARDS AND DICE. (fine work). Catalog Free. Add's J. KNAUTH, Eau Claire, Wis.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

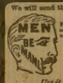
BOOKS! PHOTOS! TIP TOP: Send stamp for circular. C. CONROY, 122 Park Row N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

TELLS FUTURE in love, business and marriage, with Photo of future husband or wife. Send 10c. birth date, to Prof. [illegible], Box [illegible], Boston, Mass.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DICE & CARDS All kinds. Catalog FREE. J. L. Hollis, Swanton, Ohio
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform anyone addicted to COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM, of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address
MRS. B. MARY BALDWIN, P.O. Box 1212, Chicago, Ill
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

We will send the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS FREE by mail, (no C. O. D. or Prescription Scheme) and a legally executed guarantee that CALTHOS will



STOP Discharges and Emissions,
CURE Spermatorrhea, Varicocele and
RESTORE Lost Vigor.
Use it and pay if satisfied.
Address VON MOHL CO., 187 B, Sole American Agents, CINCINNATI, O.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MYNERVO
TRADE MARK
NERVE STRUCTURE OF MAN

MYNERVO Favorite ℞ of a skilled specialist.
Nerve Power Builder.
Vital Force Giver.
Calm Sleep Producer.
Cures all morbid conditions of the nervous system, which undermines the citadel of health. A boon to every man who suffers from NERVE EXHAUSTION, MENTAL or PHYSICAL, from overwork, worry, shock, strain, or other cause, producing weariness, melancholy, tired feeling, broken rest, loss of appetite and memory, bashfulness, alarming dreams, fears, mental and physical depression. HAS CURED OTHERS, WILL YOU. TRY IT. $1.00, 6 for $5.00. TWO WEEKS' trial FREE by mail. SPEEDY, SURE, SAFE. Address,
PEOPLE'S REMEDY FIRM, Dept x
60 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Savvy?"

"Then you think Gee Moy stole the girl to take to his ruler as a price for his freedom?" asked Chinese Dave.

"Allee samee just so," blinked the Chinaman, and the others nodded assent to this theory.

"Well, then, we will have to follow Gee Moy to Ling-tu and capture the girl before he can get her to the Mandarin."

"Yes."

"Well, he has several hours start and we must hurry," asserted Chinese Dave. "Get ready, quick!"

"Oh, if I could only get out of here now," thought Pug. "I must, that's all."

As the men left the room he followed them, along through a corridor and soon brought up to the door where the guard was standing.

The guard mentioned the presence of an intruder and all started toward the room in which he had been placed. There they saw the prisoner had gone on into the other room and naturally several went on.

For an instant the street door was not guarded, and that instant was Pug's. Like a flash he was out and away, unobserved by any of the inmates of the house.

As soon as he was a safe distance away the boy began to make inquiries concerning the direction of the hotel where Mr. Navarre was stopping, but his imperfect Chinese was not understood by those he questioned.

Finally he accosted an Englishman and received the desired information, after which he hastened to the hotel, only to find that Mr. Navarre was absent.

"Well, it's no good to arrest Chink Dave and his gang, 'cause t'other fellow has the girl. The only thing to do is to foller Chink Dave and let him find 'em. Now, if dat man was here—but he ain't, an' Tom ain't, 'n' 'ere ye are!

"I'm only a kid an' I'm all alone t' do it, an' dere ain't no time to waste. Now, if I could write, but I can't. Mebbe I can print a letter. I'll try."

The uneducated lad dug around in Mr. Navarre's disordered belongings until he found a pencil and some paper. Then he found an American newspaper which he used to copy the letters from.

He labored away some time, turning the newspaper again and again to find specimens of letters to copy and finally admired the following wonderful epistle, the first he had ever tried:

"CHINK DAVE STOLe HUR NEN Gee MOY STOLE HUR LiNG 2 FOLLER Bike. PUG."

Leaving the message where Mr. Navarre would be sure to get it, the intrepid youngster took Ella's bicycle and was soon in the vicinity of the house where she had been imprisoned, waiting for Chinese Dave and his fellow-conspirators to start forth in pursuit of Gee Moy and the captive girl.

Further chapters of this thrilling story will be issued in next week's Ledger, developing some very remarkable adventures. All new subscribers are invited to accept our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

Stronger Than Hate.

(Continued from page five.)

"Pooh! What if the rascal does? It'll save him hangin', and is much more painless, I guess," was the feeling remark of the constable.

"But I don't want him to die."

"Oh, you don't," wonderingly.

"No: and what's more, there might be a big row if he were to collapse. He always avowed he was innocent."

"Bah: they all do that."

Though Hale was beginning to feel very shaky, the success of the deception he had practiced on the green constable was not without having a tonic effect on his failing strength.

"And what shall we do with the fellow?"

Hale rubbed his half frozen nose thoughtfully. What was to be done with him, indeed?

"Well, you must take good care of him. Get him to some shelter as soon as possible, for we must treat him humanely though he is such an abandoned criminal." He felt that his clothes, soaked with water, were beginning to grow stiff in that keen wind. "I shall make you responsible for him, Officer—er—what name?"

"Dazzle, sir—Dazzle. For ten years a constable of Buck's County," replied the representative of the law, with some pride as he threw out his chest.

Miserable as Hale felt he could hardly repress a smile at the important way the man spoke of himself. His appearance and manner were hardly in keeping with his name.

The two other rustics had in the meantime been trying to restore Jeffcot to consciousness. Under their vigorous treatment he began to show signs of coming to. Hale was glad of that, for he would have been sincerely sorry if anything had happened to the plucky little man.

"Officer Dazzle," said he, "your prisoner is reviving, and I advise you to look out for him when he does, for he can fight like a catamount. See to it that he don't escape."

He was beginning to think that it was about time he decamped from that immediate neighborhood.

"You leave all that to me," said Dazzle, pompously. "He's got to be slicker nor a weasel to down me:" as he spoke he took a stout cord out of his pocket and began to tie up the prisoner with considerable deftness, an operation which Hale watched with great interest.

"What a time there will be when Jeffcot comes to and finds out the trick I have played on him," he thought to himself.

The detective showed signs of returning energy, but he was still unconscious of what was going on around him. Hale was not willing to wait any longer. It was time that he was on his way, so he said:

"Well, I must get somewheres where I can remove these frozen clothes and warm up a bit. I'm a stranger in these parts; perhaps you could direct me to a hotel or any place where there is a stove. I'll have to make a run for it if I don't want to freeze."

The constable was anxious to please the man he believed to be such a conspicuous member of the police. He had ambitions himself of becoming a famous thief-taker, and here was a man it would be well to stand in with.

"There ain't such a thing as a hotel for miles," said he, scratching his head. "See that road over there?" pointing East.

"Yes."

"Well, you foller it a spell an' you'll come to a cross-road grocery store. A bit further on is the police station. Ye can't miss it. 'Tain't much of a place but there's a good fire goin' and I daresay some of the boys might find a bottle that wa'n't empty," with a twinkle in his eye. "You'll get some warm clothes, too, and we'll foller as quick as we can with this here horned toad," as he pointed to the prisoner.

"Very good," said Hale, shaking him cordially by the hand. "And, believe me, officer, I shall not fail to say a good word for you at headquarters for your admirable conduct in this affair."

The constable bristled up with pride and importance and the two parted with mutual expressions of good will.

Hale had an excuse for running, which he availed himself of. He took the road pointed out for a while and then, leaping the fence, proceeded in the direction of the river.

He had not gone far when a loud, hoarse cry reached him that caused him to pause a moment and listen. Then he laughed and nodded his head.

Jeffcot has come to and is remonstrating with his captors. Poor little chap, was he ever in such a humiliating position before? Trussed up like a fowl, the prisoner of a country constable," and he went on his way, laughing over the success of his ruse.

Further chapters of this extremely interesting story will be issued in next week's Ledger, developing some very remarkable adventures. All new subscribers are invited to accept our free cameras and patterns as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

Home-Coming.

BY FLORENCE J. BOYCE.

There's nothing like coming home,
 And having the home folks meet you,
And seeing the light from the open door
 Shine out on the path to greet you;
The old dog sits by your side,
 And lays his nose in your hand,
And tells you he's glad you are back again,
 In a way that you understand.

The table is ready for lunch,
 And yours is the plate they're heaping;
And out in the kitchen over the fire
 Grandmother's tea is steeping.
And every one talks at once;
 And the cat awakes from her nap,
And stretches and yawns when you speak
  her name.
 Then comes and lies in your lap.

Oh, the world is a wide old world,
 And much it may have to show you;
And 'tis well to lengthen the living chain
 Whose links are the friends that know
  you;
But summing it up, we find
 Wherever our feet may roam,
In all of the journeys we take through life
 There is nothing like getting home.

◆

A Sense of Self-Esteem.

"Don't you think," said the man who was looking over the wares at the news-stand, "that a great deal of poor literature is gotten out now?"

"I'm not expressing any opinions," answered the somewhat haughty attendant. "I am here to sell the stuff, and not to read it."

Weak Man
Cure Yourself

CHIEF OF STAFF.

I will send FREE to any man a simple receipt for self-treatment which positively will promptly cure any case of vital weakness, lost vigor, nervous debility, varicocele — whether the result of excesses, dissipation or natural development. It cannot fail. I speak from experience. I was a physical wreck, and it cured me quickly, giving me buoyant freshness and sturdy vitality and vigor with the ambition that raised me from a hard-working shoemaker to a profitable profession. I cured myself, so can any and every weak man. My case was chronic, desperate, but this receipt brought me new life almost instantly. God alone knows how I suffered with weakness and humiliation, and in memory of this suffering I extend the helping hand to my fellow men. Simply send me your name and address and I will send the receipt in a plainly sealed envelope and you cure yourself at home, to be a man among men. Delays are dangerous when health, happiness and even life itself is at stake. Write to-day. Address
NORTHWESTERN MEDICAL ASSO'N,
165 Lincoln Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

To Weak and Nervous Men!
There is but one cure for these diseases
Trade NERVO-TABLETS Mark
WILL CURE YOU No mistake about this. No experimenting.
Thousands afflicted with Lost Vitality, Failing Memory, Despondency, Sleeplessness, not only quickly relieved but cured, to stay cured when all other remedies and doctors' prescriptions have failed.
NERVO TABLETS sent pre-paid to any address, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price, 50c a box, or 12 boxes for $5, with a legal guarantee of a cure or money refunded. Our up-to-date illustrated book, that tells all, a revelation—both sex, married or single, sent in sealed wrapper to any address for two 2 cent stamps. Address Sandham Medicine Co., Duluth, Minn. P. O. Box [illegible]. Write us today and be cured.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A New Cure For
Weak Men
3 Remedies Free.
Prof. Rup. P. James' 3 New Preparations will stop at once, Drains, Losses and Emissions, cure Nervous and Men's Weakness, Varicocele, Prostatic Troubles and restore Natural Strength, vigor and vital power without stimulation. Three large bottles free to convince you. No money is wanted. Just tell us where to send them.

FORMULA -A- DIRECTIONS
FORMULA -B- DIRECTIONS
FORMULA C DIRECTIONS

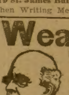
What This Free Package Contains.
One large bottle of Formula C, to heal the Prostate Gland; contract the weakened and relaxed ducts to prevent drains, emissions and waste and to bring circulation to the distended veins and cure Varicocele. One large bottle of Formula B, to replenish vital substance, revitalize the brain, spine and sexual structures by furnishing the true vital elements of vigorous manhood. A bottle of Formula A, to reconstruct the nervous and general system, to restore natural strength, manly vigor and vital power without stimulation.
These three new preparations cure and restore all men—whether old, young or middle-aged—who suffer from any form of nervous and sexual weakness, resulting from overwork, physical decay, excesses, the practice of secret vice or otherwise. You can write with perfect confidence and without fear of being humbugged by a "Prescription, C. O. D.," or any other fraud. Just tell us where to send them, and that you wish to be convinced of a cure without paying us one cent and the three large free bottles will be forwarded to you in a plain, sealed box, without any marks to identify its contents or where it came from. This is the most exhaustive and complete free test course ever offered nervous and weakened men. That it is absolutely successful in all cases is proven by the fact that we ask every man to give it a thorough test, at his own home, and be his own judge, without paying us one cent. There will be no interference with your work and daily habits, and strict confidence regarding names, correspondence, etc., is assured. Address, JAMES & JAMES, 83 James Bldg., Covington, Ky.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE for LOCATING GOLD and Silver Ore, Lost or Hidden Treasures. Book and testimonials free. P. & M. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE
The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages 25 cents. Address, Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Stricture
CURED WHILE YOU SLEEP IN FIFTEEN DAYS.
GRAN-SOLVENT CRAYONS will dislodge, digest and forever remove Stricture in 15 days, reducing
ENLARGED PROSTATE GLAND,
strengthens and contracts the Seminal Ducts, forever stopping Drains and Emissions.
Crayons are inserted at night and dissolved in three hours, curing while you sleep. No roundabout guess work or stomach drugging, but a direct, local application to the entire Urethral tract.
The sluggish accumulation in VARICOCELE is expelled by restoring healthy circulation through the Prostate Gland.
VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED TREATISE FREE.
ST. JAMES MEDICAL ASS'N,
19 St. James Building, - Cincinnati, Ohio
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Weak Men
Permanently Cured by a Recent Discovery.



CHIEF OF MEDICAL STAFF.
(Copyrighted)
Everyone suffering from the terrible ravages caused by Excesses or Abuse, or who have Varicocele, Spermatorrhœa, Weak Back, Small Parts or Sexual Weakness in any form can now cure themselves at home without publicity by our Special Home Treatment. Its effects can be seen and felt within a few days after beginning treatment. Send your name and address, and a free trial package of this discovery will be sent to you at once. "Strength and Manhood" and proofs of cures sent FREE.
J. A. FALES, 15 Traynor Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

New Secret Remedy Absolutely Unknown to the profession. Permanent Cures in 15 to 35 days. We refund money if we do not cure. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same guarantees; with those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or pay expense of coming, railroad and hotel bills, and Make no Charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. For many years we have made a specialty of treating this disease with our MAGIC REMEDY and we have $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guarantee. Write us for 100-page book and absolute proofs. Address COOK REMEDY CO.,
1730 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Illinois.
BLOOD POISON
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Spoke From Experience.

A man who tries to uphold all his statements with the prop of personal experience is pretty sure sooner or later to find himself in difficulties.

"What kind of posts should you say I'd better have for my piazza?" asked a summer resident of the oracle of Bushville. "Cedar?"

"No," was the instant reply; "not 'less you want to pay for poor stuff. Git pine. Pine will last ye a hundred years."

"Are you sure?" asked the summer resident, doubtfully.

"Sure!" echoed the oracle. "I never state a thing without I can prove it. I've tried 'em both. Tried 'em twice on my south porch, I tell ye!"

Took His Bath By Schedule.

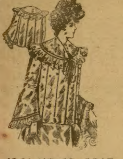
The family of a newly made millionaire was visiting New York, says the Sun, and took apartments in one of the large and luxurious hotels. One of the younger members of the family was much impressed by the wealth of his surroundings.

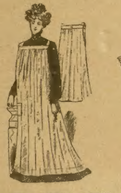
Writing home, he gave a glowing account of their apartments. "We have such a fine porcelain bathtup," he said, "that I can hardly wait until Saturday night to get into it."

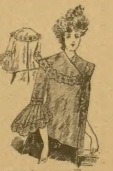
Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

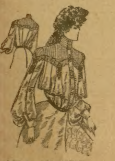
The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

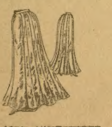
REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. **PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.**

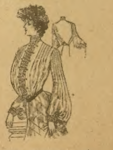

4341 HOUSE COAT 32-40 BUST

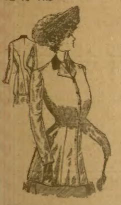

4324 WORK APRON SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE.

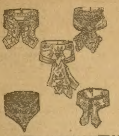

4320 HOUSE COAT, 32-40 BUST

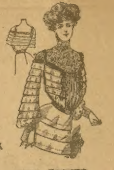

4329 MISSES BLOUSE WAIST, 12-16 YRS.

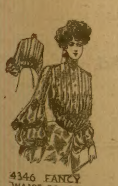

4337 NINE GORED BOX PLAITED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST

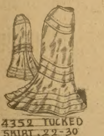

4351 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST, 32-40 BUST.

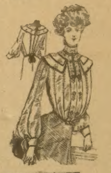

4343 FITTED COAT, 32-40 BUST

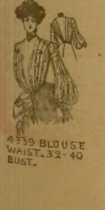

4321 FANCY STOCK COLLARS, MEDIUM SIZE.

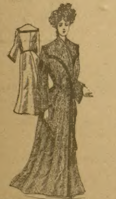

4328 TUCKED WAIST, 32-40 BUST.

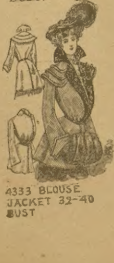

4346 FANCY WAIST, 32-40 BUST.


4352 TUCKED SKIRT, 22-30 WAIST.


4330 BLOUSE WAIST, 32-40 BUST.


4339 BLOUSE WAIST, 32-40 BUST.


4326 BATH ROBE OR WRAPPER 32-44 BUST


4333 BLOUSE JACKET 32-40 BUST

The Lady With the Sword.

(Continued from page eleven.)

might be the salvation of Marie, coming at the last frantic call for help, found the two, the living and the dead, with arms locked.

He was a great man, this surgeon, who could even raise the dead, although the world has called him charlatan, and history tells no reliable tales of his life or death. He smiled as he laid Marie aside and peered at the vanquished.

Ah, life was not gone altogether, and so there might be hope.

Not deal after all! Through the weeks which followed, the wounded fighter, lying perdus, waged again his war with death; and skillfully seconded, this time won.

After that there was hiding and dodging; and flight by night when the red terror was raging; and such as they perished by the ax in scores and hundreds; and a sail across the channel in an open boat; and other adventures of which we wot not—but henceforth those two, Villencourt and Marie de Longueve, were one.

(The end.)

Those Dear Girls.

The First—When he proposed to me he acted like a regular idiot.

The Second—Well, my dear, you must remember that he was doing something idiotic.

Her Method.

"She calls her cook a 'chef.' How absurd."

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps that's how she gets her to stay."

MEN

If you are suffering with any disease of a **Private Nature, as Stricture, Enlarged Prostate, Gleet, Seminal Weakness,** difficulty to retain or to pass water, Scalding Sensation, Drains and Discharges, you will get instant relief and a speedy cure by using

$1 SKEEN'S PAINLESS STRICTURE CURE. $1

Ten years continued marvelous success warrants us in guaranteeing every customer perfect satisfaction.

SKEEN'S PAINLESS STRICTURE CURE eradicates every trace of these diseases by dissolving and dislodging the obstruction and poisonous matter, causing it to pass away with the urine, until every vestige has been removed. No cutting, dilating or drugging. No change in diet or business pursuits. To demonstrate its great VALUE to the thousands that are writing us, we are sending one full months' treatment, prepaid, upon receipt of **$1.00.** This is enough to permanently cure any ordinary case

Makes you as sound as when a boy. Order now, this reduced price may be withdrawn any time. Our booklet "An Honest Talk," with bona fide testimonials sent **Free.** All communications treated confidential. Beware of imitations. Sold only by **THE D. A. SKEEN CO., 140 Bell Block, Cincinnati, O.**

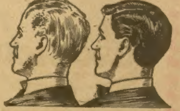
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DON'T MARRY, DOCTOR or despair. "Don't do a thing" till you see clearly what's best by aid of **Flashlights on Human Nature,** on health, disease, love, marriage and parentage. Tells what you'd ask a doctor, but don't like to. 240 pages, illustrated, 25 cents; but to introduce it we send one only to any adult for postage, 10 cents. **MURRAY HILL BOOK CO., 129 East 28th Street, New York**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Blood Poison Cured Free.

A Wonderful New Discovery Has Been Made that Cures the Blood Poison that Makes Ulcers and Copper-Colored Spots and Eats Flesh, Bone and Hair.



The Illustrations above Plainly Show What This Grand Discovery Will Do in From 10 to 20 Days.

No matter how bad your case of blood poison may be, no matter in what stage of syphilis you may be, we can cure you quickly and permanently. We have treated cases with the legs drawn up over onto the chest, the body covered with ulcers, the hair gone, the internal organs badly damaged, the brain affected, and the bones of the nose and throat involved. In two weeks the sores were dried and healed, the limbs had become flexible, and in a very short time the patient was completely cured.

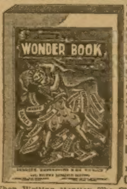
A trial package, sufficient to convince the most skeptical, mailed free in plain wrapper. Write today. Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4164 Berry St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

TURKISH HAIR GROWER Will grow beautiful hair on bald heads, fine beard or handsome mustache on the smoothest face in 5 weeks or money refunded. $1,000 forfeit this is the best process known. $1 Treatment, by mail for 25 cts., 3 for 50 cts. Avoid Imitations. Sold only by TREMONT MFG. CO., STATION A, 31, BOSTON, MASS.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE Free Trial Treatment for Morphine, Opium or other drug habit. Painless, permanent Home Cure. Contains great vital principal lacking in all others. Confidential correspondence invited. A full trial treatment alone often cures. **Write St. Paul Association, Suite 826, 46 Van Buren St., Chicago**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.


WONDER BOOK.

This book contains hundreds of wonderful things such as Fortune-telling, Puzzles, Dreams, Charms, Omens, Lucky Signs, Astrology, Verses, Love Tokens, Physiology, Psychology. It is filled with valuable things. Don't buy fakes. This is the genuine. One book by mail, postpaid, 10 cents, 3 for 25 cents. Address

BLADAN LEJUR, Room 401, Boyce Building, CHICAGO, ILLS.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

30 COMPLETE NOVELS FREE!

These 30 complete novels are by some of the most celebrated authors in Europe and America. The stories offer one of the largest and most varied collections in America and will prove delightful reading to our friends who get them free. We mean just what we say, all we ask is that you send two yearly subscribers to Woman's World at 15 cents each and the **30 Novels will be sent to you by mail all postage prepaid.** We make you this enticing offer to get the American people interested in Woman's World which already has a circulation of over 800,000 copies. Still we want to have twice this circulation. We are a responsible concern with a capital of $1,000,000 and we do just as we agree. Send your club today and get the 30 complete novels. Address,

HERE THEY ARE!

- **Guilty or Not Guilty,** by Amanda M. Douglas.
- **An Old Man's Sacrifice,** by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.
- **Between Man and Wife,** by Rebecca Harding Davis
- **The Ghost of Love Lee,** by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.
- **A Bartered Life,** by Marion Harland.
- **The Moorhouse Tragedy,** by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.
- **The Doctor's Story,** by Miss M. E. Braddon.
- **The Bottle Imp,** by Robert Louis Stevenson.
- **The Phantom Rickshaw,** by Rudyard Kipling.
- **Two Roses of Inverness,** by M. T. Calder.
- **A Solicitor's Story,** by Hugh Conway.
- **My Fellow Laborer,** by H. Rider Haggard.
- **My Sister Kate,** by Charlotte M. Braeme.
- **Rose Lodge,** by Mrs. Henry Wood.
- **A Brave Coward,** by Robert Louis Stevenson.
- **Ethel's Lovers,** by Etta W. Pierce.
- **In the Holidays,** by Mary Cecil Hay.
- **Who Killed Zebedee?** by Wilkie Collins.
- **The Linden Farm Bride,** by Margaret Blount.
- **The Other Earring,** by Mrs. Henry Wood.
- **A Low Marriage,** by Miss Mulock.
- **The Case of George Candlemas,** by George R. Sims.
- **The Name Cut on a Gate,** by Mary Cecil Hay.
- **Lee, the Letter Man,** by Mrs. Henry Wood.
- **The Blatchford Bequest,** by Hugh Conway.
- **The Knightsbridge Mystery,** by Charles Reade.
- **A Daring Exploit,** by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.
- **Cliffe House,** by Etta W. Pierce.
- **The Pearl-Diver's Prize,** by M. T. Caldor.
- **In One Short Year,** by Hugh Conway

WOMAN'S WORLD, 34 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill

SPECIAL OFFER If you will simply raise a club of two yearly subscribers to Woman's World at our special offer of 15 cents each we will send you the 30 complete novels postpaid free. Address **Woman's World, Boyce Building, Chicago Ill.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 3 cents out of every 5 cent sale and send us 2 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. I agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc

Yours truly,

Name...

Street.. *Town*..

Date.. *State*..

BAD BLOOD

"I had trouble with my bowels which made my blood impure. My face was covered with pimples which no external remedy could remove. I tried your Cascarets and great was my joy when the pimples disappeared after a month's steady use. I have recommended them to all my friends and quite a few have found relief."
C. J. Pusch, 987 Park Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Best For The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 600
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

TELEGRAPHY Circular free. Wonderful automatic teacher. Five styles. $2 up. Omnigraph Co. [illegible] New York
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WHY NOT use Ink Powder, cleaner, cheaper, non-evaporating. Send 10c for package and Premium offer. Economy Manufacturers, Riverside, Ills.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$10.00 per day is being easily made by those with a little spare time, for an outlay of $2.00. Full particulars and samples for 15c stamps. NEWELL & AMES, Comstock, Texas
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OLD SORES CURED
Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure, no matter how long standing By mail, 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. H, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BRASS BAND
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon & Healy "Own-Make" Instruments are preferred by Levy, Strauss, &c. Lowest prices. Fine Catalog. 1000 Illustrations, *mailed free*; it gives instructions for Amateur Bands.
LYON & HEALY, 22 Adams St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE--OPIUM
and LAUDANUM HABITS cured by a painless home treatment, endorsed and used by leading physicians. A trial treatment sufficient to convince you, sent free with book of testimonials sealed. Correspondence Confidential.
Opa Specialty Co., Dept. 1, San Antonio, Tex
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SPANGENBERG'S PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC Self-Taught.
ARITHMETIC
SELF TAUGHT.
Do not despair because through neglect you have forgotten what you once learned about arithmetic. Prof. Spangenberg's New Method requires no teacher. 194 pages. Price, 50 cents. Best book ever published. GEO. A. ZELLER, Pub., Room 9, 18 S. 4th Street, St. Louis, Mo. Established 1870.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GOOD BYE, DOLLY GRAY | COON, COON, COON. —COO-COO-EYES—
In the Good Old Summertime. Good Morning Carrie, Go 'Way Back and Sit Down, The Fortune Telling Man, It's Just Because I Love You So, Night Was Made for Coons, also SHE'S ONLY SWEET SIXTEEN and I DON'T CARE IF I NEVER WAKE UP, with Words and Music complete and [illegible] other new original ones here, including the great parody success ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON, also a PRIZE COUPON which entitles you to a fine GOLD PLATED WATCH CHAIN AND CHARM—ALL for [illegible] These lots [illegible] cents. Don't miss this. Address
HOME MUSIC CO., 1684 OHIO ST., CHICAGO, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

The Star Monthly
Full of bright stories for boys. Departments on Stamps, Photography, Puzzles, Natural Science, Coins, Curios, Mythology, Physical Culture, Education, Athletics, The Crafts, etc. It is the best
Boy's Magazine
32 pages. Lots of pictures. Chock full of good interesting stories for boys. It is now in its 9th year and has a circulation of over 100,000, but we want more subscribers, so we make a special reduced rate for trial subscription, of
3 Months for 10 Cents
Send 10 cents in silver or stamps. Write your name plainly, and we will enter you as a paid subscriber for 3 months. This reduced rate is for new subscribers only. Address
The Star Monthly, - Oak Park, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GET BIG MAIL Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers' supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cts. with your name and address as above stated, saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing. Address
AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, Indiana, Indiana County, Pa.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Norway's Olympian Games.

Travelers who are interested in the Norse skee-running and jumping will find in Mr. A. E. Spender's "Two Winters in Norway" an account of the origin of what he calls Norway's Olympic games, which take place at Holmenkollen, a short distance from Christiania.

The games began, he says, in the competition of some Christiania schoolboys with peasants from Telemarken, who had come up to the capital for the annual fair, which is held during the first weeks in February. Gradually it became the custom to meet on a hill, a little way out of town, for practice in skee-racing; and finally prizes were given to the successful competitors.

But the hill proved to be neither steep nor long enough, and it was decided to build a sanitarium in the woods at Holmenkollen and hold the sports there. An artificial lake was constructed half way up the hill, which is frozen over in the winter, and during the sports the ground about is crowded with spectators, waiting for the racers to come rushing down the hill, leap into the air, and alight on the frozen surface of the lake.

As a rule, the jumps made are from eight to ninety-five feet, and the longest one on record is a hundred and sixteen feet.

Agreed to Disagree.

Dandy and Laddie, collie dogs, were brothers and much attached to each other. They were owned by brothers, too, farmers in New Hampshire. Laddie's master lived at the old homestead, says a contributor to the Unique Monthly. Dandy's master conducted the next farm, and the two men pastured their stock in common.

Each dog visited the other frequently, till one day, when Laddie, Dandy's guest, was gnawing a bone, a pet kitten belonging to Dandy's family came too near, and Laddie snapped at her. In an instant Dandy flew at his throat, and they were only separated after a severe fight.

Neither dog crossed the boundary line between the two farms after that.

Laddie drove his flock of sheep daily down the lane till they reached the dividing wall, where Dandy solemnly took charge, and drove them to pasture. At night Dandy brought back the sheep and Laddie would be waiting for his share of the flock every time.

Never once did they take the slightest notice of each other or cross the line after that fight.

Humps His Study.

It was an odd fad enjoyed by a wealthy bachelor who died recently in Liverpool. His heir, on opening his desk, was surprised to find in it a manuscript volume of 2,000 pages, which was entirely devoted to a study of humpbacks. Further investigation showed that for several years this man, who, by the way, was himself stalwart, tall and athletic, had closely studied this curious subject and had visited various countries for that purpose.

According to his manuscript, there are more humpbacks in Spain than anywhere else, the number in one small district at the foot of the Sierra Morena amounting to one in every thirteen inhabitants. There are also many in the Loire region, in France.

From the statistics of all the countries of the globe it appears that there is one humpback in every 1,000 persons, which is equivalent to saying that there are a million humpbacks in the entire world. The author of this manuscript says that the average height of each hump is about eight inches.

His First Letter.

When George was sent away to boarding school the family waited anxiously for his first letter, which they feared would be filled with homesick longing for the people and things he had left, says the Youth's Companion.

When the letter came George's father smiled, his mother sighed, and his older sisters were half-amused and half-provoked.

"Dear Mother and Family," wrote the only son of the household. "I've been here twenty-three hours now, and it is great. My most intimate friend is a boy by the name of Floppy Smith. He's five feet six and has had his left leg broken in two different places. Love to all, and will write soon again. Your affectionate son,

"GEORGE."

Cats as Mascots.

Every large liner carrying passengers always has on board from six to ten cats, these being apportioned to various parts of the ship and appear on the company's books as regards rations. A few first-class saloon cats have become quite celebrated, especially in the long voyage boats that go to India and Australia. Large sums have been offered for one saloon cat on a great line, and the staff has to guard it strictly from acquisitive admirers, in whose luggage it has several times been found.

Included All the Days.

Little Johnnie had been told to write a short composition in which he should say something about the days of the week.

The little fellow thought a few minutes, and then triumphantly produced this:

"Monday father and I killed a bear, and there was meat enough to last over Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday."

Was No Trick.

Father—You are getting on in fine style, Daisy. If you keep on you'll know as much as your teacher.

Daisy—I'd know as much now, daddie, if I had the book in front of me, like she has.

The "New" Mamma.

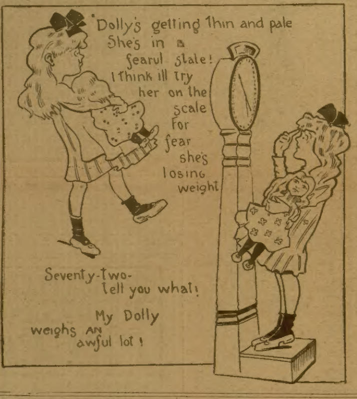
Papa (an ex-widower)—Come here, Bessie, and see the new mamma I promised you.

Bessie (aged 4)—Why, papa, she doesn't look very new!

Explained.

Hostess—I wonder why your little brother seems so restless and uncomfortable?

Little Ethel—I think it's 'cause his hands is clean.



Weighs and Means.

Here is a simple problem, yet
'Tis hard to answer right;
How can a ton of coal so dark
Turn out so very light?

THEY SEND IT FREE.
Every Man or Woman sending Name and Address receives a Treatment lasting one week.
HEALTH QUICKLY RESTORED TO ALL.
After thirty years study and experience by physicians of the foremost institute in the land, toward the direction of compounding into one treatment, medicines for the cure of many ailments, the announcement is made that the undertaking has been perfected. To demonstrate in each case how easy it is to be cured when the proper remedies are employed the Kent Medical Institute, 461 Houseman Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich., will send a special treatment, without charge—simply give your name and address.
Men and women generally, who suffer with Blood Poison, Weakness, Skin Disorders, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Kidney, Liver and Bladder troubles, Piles, etc., are actually being astonished by the rapid curative action of their remedies. In hundreds of cases, which were, apparently, beyond medical assistance, the treatments as prepared by this grand Institute, have been an absolute success. No need to suffer longer—write today.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CHRIST walking on the sea. This beautiful Photo-plate, size 16x20, ; samples 15c, postpaid. Exact reproduction of original. Kura Art Co., 979 N. Clark St. Chicago
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

HEART TROUBLE, APPENDICITIS & CONSTIPATION Prevented and cured by yourself without cost. H. A. CATLIN White Sulphur Springs, W. Va
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WANTED—Men to Learn Barber Trade. Tools, diplomas, positions, and board given. Short time completes by our method. Write nearest Branch, MOLER SYSTEM BARBER COLLEGE, Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Minneapolis, Minn., New Orleans, La., or Omaha, Neb.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

STOP WORKING
For others. Learn a profession in ten days and be independent for life. S. A. WELTMER, Nevada, Missouri
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THE SURE HATCH
incubator better than ever. New regulator, greatest improvement ever made in incubators. Big illustrated catalog free.
SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO.,
Clay Center, Neb., or Columbus, Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

INFIDELITY How to detect it in any person; test simple, absolutely certain and proof accepted by highest authority. Sent absolutely free to all sending one dollar for these four valuable recipes: How to make Egg Preserves, Moth Powder, Paint Remover, and Water Paint. Address MORAL BUREAU, Box 5, TACOMA, WASH.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE OPIUM LIQUOR HABIT
CURED Without Pain or Bad After Effect. Trial treatment free. Address BARLIEU NARCOTINE CURE, 1413 Chemical Bldg., ST. LOUIS, Mo
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE FARMS
The New Homestead law offers every man or woman a farm Free. Send 25 cents for new book containing the new homestead law and the name and location of every United States Land Office. This book tells just where to go for free farms and exactly what to do and how to select the land in the states of Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, N. Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Utah, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. You will find in this book how to secure free a farm among the gold hills of Colorado, the timberlands of Washington, the prairie farms of the west, or for fruit farms in the south. Write at once inclosing 25 cents for this new book. W. C. WATKINS & CO., 710 Lewis Block, - - Pittsburg, Pa.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black?
USE
Buckingham's Dye
50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$2.95 BUYS A SILVER WATCH
in appearance, superbly engraved, open face, stem-wind and stem-set, and fitted with the best American Movement, made an accurate to the second time keeper, just the watch for R.R. men, and is GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS. Send this to us and we will send the watch, chain and charm to your express office for examination, C.O.D., $2.95 and express charges. If as represented, pay $2.95 and express charges and it is yours.
HENRY WATCH CO., 566 Henry Blk., CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Books about California Tour
"To California over the Santa Fe Trail,"
"Southern California,"
"California Resort Hotels," "Golf in California,"
"A Climatic Miracle," "Limited Log-Book,"
"San Francisco," and "Titan of Chasms."
Published by the Santa Fe for information of prospective California travelers. Profusely illustrated and well worth reading. If interested, ask for any or all of them; and thus post yourself before going to California.
Address Gen. Pass. Office, A. T. & S. F. R'y, Chicago.
Santa Fe.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.